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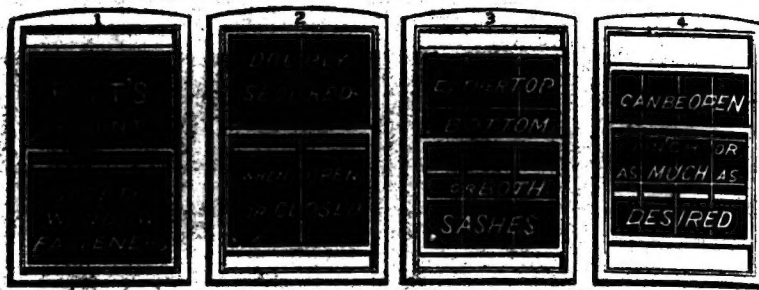
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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST.
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 315.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK STALLS.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 1, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

HIS GIRL.

I held her little hand in mine,
I kissed her rosy lips
With kisses which she tossed to me
On dainty finger tips.
I held her in my trembling arms
With mingled hope and fear,
I whispered words, I know not what,
But she was very dear.
But what I said she seemed to know,
Her heart had taught her this,
And every word I whispered low
She answered with a kiss.
We were so happy, she and I,
Our sky so soft and blue,
That life seemed it could never be
But summer for us two.
I vowed that we should never part;
Ah, me! but man's a fool—
My wife appeared upon the scene
And—sent the child to school.

OPEN OR SHUT?

FIRST GUEST: "Hi! Waiter, open that window, please. I can't stand this heat."
Waiter: "Yes, directly, sir!" (opens the window).
Second Guest (a little later): "Waiter, there's draught enough to give one a death of cold. Do shut the window."
Waiter: "Yes, sir." (Shuts the window).
First Guest: "Waiter, are you mad? What have you closed the window for? Open it again this minute."
Waiter: "Very good sir" (goes to the landlord).
"One of the gentlemen wants the window open and the other wants to shut it. What am I to do, sir?"
Landlord: "Do what the gentleman says who hasn't dined yet, of course."

THE MOST COSTLY DIAMONDS.

THE fickle tide of fashion has turned away from the once much-prized pure white diamond to the coloured varieties, and as diamonds are, after all, only an article of luxury, fashion to a great extent regulates their price; hence the most precious brilliants are not now what they were before the De Beers and Kimberley mines began to produce at rare intervals the exquisite coloured stones which are now the rage.
It must be remembered that these are not "off-colour" diamonds—that is to say, stones of imperfect or cloudy colour. On the contrary, when perfect they are of the purest water, and if they are of any respectable size they are exceedingly valuable. In the diamond room at De Beers there is a velvet-lined case which contains about a dozen diamonds of all colours, from the purest white to the deepest blue. The collection, as a whole, is practically priceless, and the gem of it is a round stone about the size of a threepenny-piece, absolutely flawless and pure, and of a deep, rich, rose colour. It is believed to be the finest specimen of its kind in the world, and it is not for sale.
Another curious and costly form of diamond found at Kimberley is the Macale, or twin-stone. This is found in the form of a perfect triangle, which consists of two diamonds, back to back. The slides slope off to the line of union which may be seen running through the stone. They lose very little in cutting, for the edges and faces only want polishing. Pure white stones of perfect shape are very rare, and command a long price.
They are sometimes split to make sleeve-links, and sometimes the two halves are put into heart-shaped settings for an oblique purpose. One of the newest superstitions attaching to precious stones is that so long as He and she treasure the two halves of the twin-stone their two souls will remain united as closely as the two glittering triangles were once joined by the hand of Nature.

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HOW CYCLES ARE FORGED.

THE LATEST SWINDLE.

COUNTERFEIT coining for the present is out of fashion, while a more profitable system of deception is available, and no time is being lost in putting it into operation. The fraud referred to is that of forging cycles. It is well known that the present high price of pneumatic tyres is largely due to the heavy royalties. The making of the tyre itself is by no means a very difficult matter, and consequently there are several people taking advantage of the existing boom, and turning out tyres to all appearances like those of well-known firms. A lot of money is being made by the fraud, for a ready market seems to be found.

GALLERY WIT.

"ONE of the funniest stories I ever heard of the East-end stage," says a correspondent, "referred to a popular actor named Harry Simmonds. He was supposed in a melodrama of the day to have run through a fortune, and to contemplate suicide. Some one knocked at the door of his wretched garret. He hastily thrust his revolver into the drawer of the table at which he sat. An old solicitor entered.
"It is my pleasing duty," said he, "to tell you that your Uncle John is dead, and (impressively) has left you half a million of money."
"Half a million of money!" said the suicide, thus suddenly restrained; "what shall I do with it—what shall I do with it?"
"Well, 'arry," said a gallery boy, "I should buy a pair of boots—first!"

FASHIONS IN TOWNS.

LEAVING aside the long pedigrees as beyond the scope of this article, let us look at the lives of some of our popular watering-places. Perhaps the most conspicuous example of a leap into fame is afforded by Bournemouth. It is little more than sixty years since Bournemouth was "discovered," its Columbus being a Dorsetshire man named Tregonwell, who, struck by its natural charms and fine climate, built himself a villa among the pine woods, and sounded the praises of the place, a great part of which he owned.
Other villa's consequently sprang up, and in 1838, on Coronation Day, the foundation stone of the first hotel, the Royal Bath, was laid; but in gazetteers of forty years ago Bournemouth was not thought worthy of mention.
A Board of Commissioners started the systematic development of the town in 1856. To-day its gardens and pine groves have a world-wide celebrity, its hotels and lodging-houses are numberless, and it is thronged with visitors all the year round, from my lord or a royal highness on a winter sojourn to 'Arry on a day's trip from London. The population at the last census was 37,650, an increase of 19,000 in the last ten years.
Next to the rapid growth of the "English Mentone" comes that of Eastbourne, which owes so much to the wisdom and enterprise of the late Duke of Devonshire. About forty years ago Eastbourne was a quiet and genteel little spot, boasting a chalybeate spring, a ballroom, a library, and 3,000 inhabitants. Now it has nearly 35,000 people, having increased by 13,000 in ten years and by 25,000 in twenty years, and stands in the forefront of watering-places for sanitary and other modern improvements.
Southport a hundred years ago was a range of sand hills. In 1792 William Sutton built the first house in the place; it was an inn, and was called Sutton's Folly by those who thought that nobody would care to betake himself to a desert.
But Sutton knew what he was about, and out of the little stopping place of bathers from Ormskirk and Wigan, the town he founded became Lancashire's most noted sanatorium. Like Eastbourne, it boasted of 3,000 inhabitants in 1851, but after the influx of railways its growth was rapid. In 1871 the figures reached 18,000, in 1881, 33,000; in 1891, 43,000.

MADMEN IN THE STREETS.

THERE is scarcely a neighbourhood in London which cannot boast its local madman. Some strange or eccentric figure is to be found in every parish, and in almost every important thoroughfare.
Marylebone has a religious maniac, who is by profession a collector of rags and bones.
South Kensington a short time ago possessed two madmen, one who imagined himself to be Napoleon and walked slowly backwards and forwards gravely saluting everyone he met, and another who firmly believed himself to be Henry VIII. It is said that on one occasion he accosted a famous physician and instructed him to get him a divorce from Anne Boleyn.
"If you can't manage it any other way," he said, "off with her head—off with her head!"
A man in Brompton would hail a cab and drive to a certain street in Chelsea. There he would wander up and down for hours looking in vain for a house which had been pulled to pieces nearly twenty years before. It had evidently been associated with some important crisis in his life's history, and his mind refused to disassociate itself from the spot.
At one time there came forth every evening from across Westminster Bridge, walking along Whitehall to the Strand, a man wearing a long overcoat with a cape, a soft hat and leggings. He had a bunch of primroses or yellow flowers of some kind in his buttonhole, and another in his hat. He carried a pipe, and strode along with bent head, and with one hand behind his back. He ignored everyone, looked neither to the right nor the left, and walked always at the same rate. Every now and then he would suddenly throw up his hand and shout in a deep voice: "Here's to the Jacobites all over England."
Then he would march on as before, and people who had turned in alarm would see nothing but an eccentric looking figure going steadily in the direction of the Strand.
There is a familiar personality in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, in the shape of an exceedingly dirty man. He wears a very shabby frock coat and trousers, chiefly remarkable for the grease upon them, and a battered silk hat. Strange to say, however, his collars and cuffs are always spotlessly clean. He wears flowers, a bunch in his hat, and another in his coat, and this is generally so large that it reaches right across his chest. When flowers are not obtainable he contents himself with a cabbage leaf, or a vegetable of some kind—anything, provided it be green and large enough.
It is said that he was once a rising singer, whose voice was ruined suddenly by some accident. It is his habit now to sit down on doorsteps, and, placing his hand behind his ears, give vent to a series of discordant notes, without tune or air, which are echoed and mocked at by street boys far and near.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK: "The time for a person to learn is when he is young. As a proof of this, remember that a man never forgets his letters."
Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "He may not forget his own, but I take notice he often forgets those of his wife."

"I'm perfectly sure that the Robinsons change their servants very often."
"Why, what makes you think so?"
"Why, because I've often noticed that their servants invariably answer the bell the first time it is rung."

"How many seamstresses have we in the army?" asked the general.
"Now what do you want to know that for?" asked the aide-de-camp, who had been a servant, and still retained her lack of respect for authority.
"Why, I read somewhere that Napoleon often won his battles by hemming the enemy in."

The Holiday Number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will be published on Thursday, July 30th, instead of Saturday, August 1st.

NEW BOOKS: "Gulley Gold," by Headen Hill. With sixteen full-page illustrations by Raymond Fetter. Price 6s. "Valdar the Oft-Born," by George Griffith. Fully illustrated by Harold Pinfard. Price 6s. Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

A SECRET OF THE ALPINE SNOWS.

By G. C. WALLIS.

There is, perhaps, no finer view of Mont Blanc in or around Geneva than that to be obtained from Colonel Tronchin's Tower on the hill above Coligny. There you get a sunset effect that must have made many a painter despair, and, in the estimation of some, is superior to the grandeur of the sunrise seen from the Rigi. It is astonishing how the light lingers and the snow reddens in the sun after the orb has vanished beyond the green range of the Jura. The changing hues of the twilight—from the alabaster to the crimson, from the crimson to the steely grey, from the grey to the vivid pink, and then to the dimness of the veil of mist arising from the valleys—are alone worth the trouble and expense of a special journey.

Geneva, indeed, is a delightful place at all times—the lovely lake, the stately Rhone, the turbulent Arve, the snowy mountain ranges, cut in dazzling whiteness on the azure sky, are attractions, the like of which are not found together elsewhere; but with Mont Blanc included there is a combination of pleasing scenery perfectly irresistible.

The many peaks that circle the Val d'Aoste are beautiful undoubtedly, but, lacking the Monarch of the Mountains, the view would seem shorn of half its glory. With him the panorama is perfect, the picture is complete.

From this point of vantage a couple of tourists, with a peasant girl, are admiring the inimitable tinting of the sunset sky.

"You are right, Gisela, by Jove! This is the best I have seen since we entered your wonderful country. If this golden glow would only last! I believe I could look at it almost as long as I could at your pretty face, *ma chère*."

It is Sydney Athelstan—a tall, dark-haired, well-set-up young Englishman—who speaks. With his friend Philips he is touring Switzerland for the first time.

Gisela's face flushes as rosy red as the fragrant rhododendron that flames amid the snow and ice five thousand feet above them, as she answers:

"You flatter me, M'sieur. But it is beautiful, for the night is clear. Let go my hand, please, I am only a peasant's child."

"But with the grace of a lady and the beauty of an artist's ideal!" fervently exclaims the young man. "M'Dieu! but you were made for something better than a mere cottager's daughter."

The girl wrenches her hand from his. The rose flush on her cheek fires into vivid scarlet. She points down the rugged path.

"If you will not have prudence, M'sieur, I must return alone to my father's roof, where Giotto, my betrothed, awaits me. I came to show you and your friend the place where the great English poet lived, and then the view of the mountain from here. Let us return together."

Athelstan listens with his soul in his eyes. Blue, uncertain, distrustful eyes they are, but fascinating to women. He would detain her and speak more words of admiration into her ear, but Philips intervenes, in an undertone.

"Come now, Sydney! You have said enough. It is time we went back to the hotel."

In silence the three retrace their steps, and at the cottage the friends bid Gisela adieu until the morning, when she promises to bring them a basket of freshly-gathered strawberries and Alpine flowers.

"You are too impressionable, Sydney," says Philips, over the breakfast table. "You make love to every girl you meet—to every woman whose face pleases you. Then after a few weeks—or days—you forget her in your ecstasy over a fresh fair one."

"But this one is so different to all the others I have met—so wildly, innocently beautiful—such a child, yet such a woman—a veritable Rose of the Alps. I believe it is a case of love at first sight."

"So have all your entanglements been, Sydney. Your last is always the one different to any other—until the next comes."

"You have told me all that before."

"And shall again. But, really, Sydney, this girl is not of your class, and you would only ruin your prospects by marrying her. And she is much too good to be trifled with to gratify a passing fancy."

"One might think, Philips, that you are in love with her yourself," sullenly returns Athelstan.

"If" (There is a slight quiver in the tone of the interrogative monosyllable.)

"Yes. And I shall not be offended if you refrain from wasting your valuable advice upon my unappreciative self. I can be very pig-headed when I choose."

"So it would appear."

"Look here, Philips," says Athelstan, starting from his chair to meet Gisela, who is entering the room with her floral and edible delicacies, "if you do not like my ways, the sooner we part the better. I shall please myself."

With some excuse, he detains Gisela in conversation, and Philips, extremely worried regarding his friend, and pitying the girl, strides out into the bright morning alone.

That day, and

for many days after,

the two friends

take separate jour-

neys and scarcely

speak to each other

except at the hotel,

and then only in

commonplace conver-

sation. But Philips

keeps watch upon his

erstwhile comrade

nevertheless, and it

is not he who

willingly prolongs the

coolness between them.

As for Gisela, her wild rose beauty grows

in fairness every day under the influence of maturing

womanhood and the glow of a deep passion; for despite

her betrothal to Giotto, and despite her shyness, she loves

the stalwart young Englishman in her heart, and her

bright eyes flash with pleasure at his coming. And his

coming is frequent; it is habitual.

Together they climb the mossy banks of the valleys

or the rugged ridges of the lower range, and when

Giotto—ill at ease, and revolving vengeance in his dull

mind—goes with the sheep across the glacier to spend

the summer months in solitary tending of the browsing

herds, the girl and her new lover take longer journeys,

and are altogether inseparable.

Together they go by way of the heights towards

France, to the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, and

together admire the wild beauty of the craggy banks,

the overhanging cliffs, and the indescribable noise and

tumult of the brawling Arve, coming, mud-laden and

rapid, from the grinding glacier, into the clear and

graceful Rhone, born of the crystal lake. They see the

various views of Mont Blanc from Coppet, from

Lacconex, from Chamonix; watch the King of the Hills

in all his changing moods, when retiring in the hazy

whiteness of the misty air, when sullen behind the

banks of lowering cloud, when flashing—gracious,

glorious, grand—in all the wonderful distinctness of sun

and snow and sky. They go together despite the

whispers at the hotel, despite the pleadings of Gisela's

parents, even so far as the Mer de Glace and the weird

scenery of the Jardin, even to Argentiere, at the foot

of the pass of the Col de Balme, and their love grows

stronger every day until the end of the dream comes.

A month passes all too swiftly for the lovers, all too

anxiously for the girl's parents and Sydney's friend.

Then one evening when the two have been away longer

than usual, a telegram is left at the hotel for Athelstan.

Philips instinctively knows its import, for several

letters from home have told of Mrs. Athelstan's growing

illness, and when Sydney comes in at night, hilariously

jolly, the young man feels that the blow is half

deserved. Sydney reads the message hurriedly and

crumples it into his pocket with a muttered ejaculation.

"Mother is dead," he says in a strained voice. "I

must go home at once—to-morrow morning. I will go

and pack up a few things now. Shall you go or stay?"

"Go, of course. I will come and help you pack?"

But instead, he sits in silence awhile, thinking,

gazing with unseeing eyes at the moving leafage of the

trees in the garden; and he is so absorbed in his reverie

that he does not hear a light step beside his hammock

chair nor detect a companion in the room until a soft

touch is laid upon his arm.

"You, Gisela?"

"Yes, M'sieur Philips. I want to ask you something."

"Ask me anything, Gisela."

"It is about your friend—about Sydney," hesitatingly

begins the girl. "You know that he makes love to me.

You do not like him to?"

"I do not, Gisela." Her soft touch burns him like a

clasp of fire. He sets his teeth lest he betray himself.

"Why do you not like him making

love to me? Is it because I am not

good enough for him—because I am

too poor—or is it because you think

he will forget me when the summer is

over and the winter comes and he goes

away?"

Her cheeks are aflame, her eyes

bright, her hand-clasp hot and

feverish. Philips is un-

nerved by her earnest

questioning. He looks

away from her to gain

time, to stifle his own

hopeless passion, to con-

quer the mad desire to take her in his arms and claim

her as his own.

"Perhaps I did object," he says slowly, his words

coming with a great effort, "but not because you are

not good enough for him; you are too good. I feared

that his fancy was only a passing one; I feared for your

sake."

"Tell me, M'sieur Philips"—her red lips form the



English accents prettily—"tell me, do you think he

really loves me; do you think he will be true?"

"If I knew him to be false—what then?"

"Then the light would go out of the world for me.

There would be no glory in the sun, no beauty in the

flowers, no joy in my life. But tell me—tell me!"

Philips keeps his face averted and chokes down a

lump that rises in his throat. He cannot tell her his

latent fear, his latent love. He cannot even bear to

pain her by telling her that he and Sydney will be gone

to-morrow.

"I think and hope he will be true, Gisela," he says,

and his voice sounds strange and far-off to himself.

"He is good at heart, and will make you his idol—and

this shall be a secret between us."

"Then I am content," says Gisela.

And she slips out into the night and goes home to

dream of the man who has, that very afternoon, pro-

mised to love and cherish her to his life's end.

A year and a half later Philips meets his friend in a

crowded London ballroom.

"Is this true, Sydney?" he asks.

"What, in particular?" says Athelstan uneasily.

"This rumour one hears everywhere. That you are

engaged to Miss Ethel St. Cyr?"

"There may be some truth in it," laughs Sydney

Athelstan, "and why not? She is beautiful, accom-

plished, rich. Congratulate me, old fellow."

"Have you forgotten Gisela already?"

"Oh, Gisela! Of course not. She was pretty, wasn't

she, and very nice to fool away a summer with? But,

as you said yourself, she is not of my class. But how is

it you are not yet married? You know I had always a

suspicion that you liked Gisela yourself. You must be

going? Well, ta, ta! Shake hands?"

But Philip is not moved by this banter. He looks

the other steadily in the eyes for a moment with the

utmost contempt. Then, disregarding the proffered

hand, turns abruptly on his heel and walks away without

a word.

"It will be fine to-day," says Gisela, the guide. And

the others nod and acquiesce, for is she not as weather-

wise as any man of them, as

familiar with every nook and

cranny of the mountains, with

the paths of the avalanches, the

portent of the south wind sing-

ing in the glaciers, the meaning

of the flush and the fall of the

river? Yes, it will be fine to-day

if Gisela says so!

And the tourists hope it will

be fine, for they are going to the

Mer de Glace, which is a day's

excursion from Chamonix, where

they are staying. Mrs. Athelstan

has not been to Switzerland

before, and is delighted with all she sees: her husband

has memories of a visit in the bygone years and hopes

the sun-browned woman with the flashing eyes—who

insists on guiding them—does not remember him. She

does not appear to recognise his features at first, though

she starts at the sound of his voice, and a passing paleness

crosses her handsome face. She goes on before them,

chatting indefatigably all the way.

It is so much better for two people to go thus, with

one trusty guide, than to loiter in parties, she says, as

they are crossing the meadows in the valley. There is

less danger of accident with fewer travellers together,

except on the high peaks where the rope is useful.

And so she leads them on, stepping over the furious

river and climbing the precipices by a rugged path, now

winding amid the firs and now through the verdant grass,

until they reach Montanvert, where you can stand on the

edge of the plateau and look down on one side into the

frozen sea and on the other into the vale of Chamonix.

From the surface of the sea of frozen billows, the

granite needles rise towards the sky, void of snow or

ice, bidding defiance alike to the lightning and the

tempests and the glacier sweeping past their base.

They are grand, impressive, sublime, says Gisela,

leading her companions by the side of the ice,

where the rock and gravel is raised in a gigantic

furrow by the frost and the avalanches and the crystal

ocean grinding down its mountain bed; then taking

them out a little upon the bosom of the frozen sea and

showing them the fissures and crevasses where the ice

glitters clearer, and up from the depths rolls the thunder

of the ice masses falling from the roof of the crystal

cavern at the foot of the glacier, where, at intervals,

bending low, you may hear the ripple of the rills that

are hastening down to join and issue in the cold and

muddy torrent of the ice-born Arve.

Then upwards again, past the violet and golden

sprinkled verdure of the lateral moraines and the

gorgeous beds of rhododendrons, to which the bees of

Chamonix resort for honey, past the grassy slopes

where the shepherds drive their herds across from

Montanvert every year, Gisela leads them, talking

fast but thinking faster, until they stand on a narrow

ledge of rock at the foot of a glittering snow slope that

overlooks the Glacier des Pelerines and the cascade of

that name.

"Speak softly here," she says, lowering her voice to a

whisper. "The snow is insecure, and a sudden jarring

of the air will surely bring an avalanche upon us. I



have heard the shepherds and the guides caution each other against this place, for once before a snow slide swept down here. It was the wind made by its swift descent that snapped and felled the trees yonder."



Athelstan gazes down at the twisted, broken, and prostrated trunks with a suddenly awakened fear. They are mutely, fiercely eloquent of what fate awaits him and his wife should a word be spoken heedlessly, or a foot ring incautiously against a stone.

"Why have you brought us here, then?" he asks in a whisper. "There is no special view."

"No, M'sieur; but there is special danger. I have waited for your return these many years. I have wished that we might meet here, with a certain death quivering above us. Can you not guess why?"

Her voice rises recklessly an inflexion higher. There is a flush of colour upon her brow. Her attitude is one of gratified revenge.

"How can I guess, Gisela?" he stammers.

His face is blanched; his eyes dilate with dread. Ethel, his wife, glances from her husband to the girl with terror-stricken amazement.

"What does she mean, Sydney? Explain it to me."

"She is mad, Ethel!" he returns, collecting himself a little. "Come, we will go back; it is time."

"You will not," cries Gisela, raising her voice until it became a shriek. "You will not. You will not escape my vengeance so easily." Long mouldering resentment at her base desertion has burst forth into the quenchless flame of hopeless jealousy, and she is careless what she does—careless of her own life.

"You made me love you," she goes on fiercely, "that summer so long past now; made me give up Giotto and grieve my parents, and estrange my friends for your sake, and now you think to live happily with your English wife."

"You do not know that Giotto killed himself in his jealous anger, that my mother died of a broken heart, that my father died poor because I left them to go after you—though my search was vain. You do not hear the cry for retribution that rises from the ground where they sleep. You do not, but I do—Ha! ha!"

The sound of her laughter rings among the rocks and down the steeping vales, and in and out among the vast snow masses piled around the crags. There is a trembling movement on the face of the slope of dazzling white above—an ominous, slipping, sliding sound.

"Quick! Hasten!" cries Athelstan, seizing his wife's arm. "The balance is disturbed; the avalanche is upon us. There is not a moment to be lost. Hasten!"

They hurry to the left, where the ledge broadens out upon the plateau—to the right it narrows more and more—leaving Gisela standing motionless, hurling her derisive mirth at them. Surely they will escape: the distance is not far.

But the great snow sheet, flinging stones and trees, and frost spray far before its thunderous advance, is gaining fast upon them. It rushes headlong, a mass of overpowering majesty, terrible in its might, adown that awful slope, and ere the roar of it in their ears can drown the sound of that mocking mirth, the snow-foam billow that curls upon its lower edge sweeps them out into the gulf below.

There is a woman's cry, a man's curse, a mocking laugh cut swiftly short, and the avalanche passes on.

It roars along, its breath going before it like a destroying storm, and the gulf in which the three bruised bodies lie is filled with its snowy whiteness.

They sleep soundly there, beneath that chilly counterpane—sheltered in silence, shrouded in snow.

"Ah!" exclaimed the cannibal chief, smacking his lips, "what kind of a minister was that we had for dinner?"

"Your Excellency," replied his companion, "I should say it was a prime minister."

"Young man," said the pompous party with the big watch chain, "I laid the first foundation of my fortune by saving tram fares. I—"

"Ah, that may be so," remarked the flippant youth, "but you must remember that a conductor couldn't do that sort of thing nowadays with these bell-punches and the check system."



THE CAT'S COLUMN

TAILLESS cats with purple eyes are common in Siam.

EVERY animal kept by man in Austria is taxed, with the exception of the cat.

THE Chinese cats are remarkable for their fine glossy fur and their long pendulous ears.

CATS are extensively used in New Zealand and Australia for the destruction of rabbits.

IN Cairo at the present time there is an endowment in operation founded expressly for the lodging and feeding of homeless cats.

IN the middle ages cats were often kept in nunneries, and this may have something to do with their traditional association with old maids.

HARRISON WEIR originated the first cat show held in England, and the rules that he drew up are those practically in use at the present time.

IN the course of twelve months nearly 7,000 horses are received at two knacker's yards in the parish of St. George's, Southwark, and promptly disposed of as cat's meat.

IN Germany black cats are kept away from the cradles of children as omens of evil, while the appearance of a dark-coated pussy on the bed of a sick person is taken as a sign of approaching death.

ALTHOUGH a dread for water is instinctive in cats, a lady living near the Thames has a cat which frequently swims across the river to a spot which is infested with rats. Pussy always swims very low in the water with tail erect, and shakes herself like a dog on coming ashore.

IN country districts specimens of the domestic cat run wild are by no means uncommon, for having once tasted wild animal food, hares and rabbits are ever afterwards preferred to rats and mice, and when the house cat takes to hunting there are few animals more destructive to poultry and game.

AMONGST the ancient Egyptians the cat was sacred to Isis or the moon, temples were raised and sacrifices offered in its honour, and its body embalmed after death. It was customary, too, for the family in whose house the cat died to shave their eyebrows as a sign of mourning for the defunct pussy.

IT is contended that a cat which is being conveyed to a distance blindfolded will have its sense of smell in full exercise, and will by this means take note of the successive odours encountered on the way, and that these will leave on its mind sufficient knowledge of the route taken as to make it an easy matter for the animal to find its way home again.

RECENTLY whilst a preacher in Jansenville church was in the midst of his sermon a splendid tom-cat entered the sacred edifice and slyly slinking up the pulpit steps jumped upon the cushioned desk in front of the minister, who was so startled that he aimed a blow at pussy, and knocked him down amongst the congregation. The funniest part of the incident is that the name of the feline intruder is "Satan."

SOME time ago a titled lady mourned the death of her favourite cat. A respectable undertaker was called in, the body was put in a shell, and afterwards inclosed in a fine oak coffin. There were the usual trappings, including a plate on which was inscribed the statement that "Paul" had for seventeen years been the faithful and beloved cat of Miss—. The coffin with a lovely wreath on it was displayed in the undertaker's shop, where it was an object of considerable interest.

THERE are several cats about New Street railway station, Birmingham, which are as familiar with the trains and know their way about amongst them as well as the best of the officials. They have taken up their quarters voluntarily, but are encouraged by the porters. There are a number of rats about the parcels offices, and at night the destructive rodents may be seen running about the lines. The cats prey upon them, and to some extent keep them down. The cats sit comfortably between the metals whilst carriages move over them, and they have been known to remain in the four-foot gauge whilst an engine has passed, though they do not like the engines, inasmuch as the fire-box is low and hot, and comes uncomfortably close to their backs.

ARE WE BECOMING BALD?

THAT the form and anatomy of the human specie have changed very much since the prehistoric man was walking about seems to be clearly demonstrated by science. We doubt whether any of us would recognise in the remote ancestor a man and a brother, could we be brought to see him face to face. And he would probably blush and hang his head to be shown some of his modern descendants; but we won't dwell upon that.

The anatomist tells us there are in all parts of the body lingering remains of muscles once employed but now useless. As changes have been going on ever since man appeared on the earth, it is fair to conclude that they will continue to go on in the future.

We are told that the lower jaw is growing shorter and smaller.

The ear, too, is changed. Once it was erect and pointed, and could be moved at pleasure.

At one time in man's history his entire body was covered with a thick coat of hair, similar to that of an ape. Tailors' bills were not heavy in those days, and the fashion of apparel was unchanged from year to year.

But as things are, worse is to come if the scientists are to be believed. The man of the future, say five hundred years from now, will be an interesting object.

In the first place he will have no teeth. Teeth—that is non-commercial teeth—are rapidly becoming extinct. As it is not one man in a hundred has good teeth. In a few centuries a man with a few natural fangs will be regarded as a curiosity.

Moreover, there will be no more hair on his head than is to be found on the outside of a hen's egg. One does not need to be a scientist to realise that the man of the future will have a head like a billiard-ball. All one has to do to fully appreciate this appalling fact is to sit in the gallery of a theatre in which a comic opera is being played and glance down into the stalls.

And to add to the horrors of the situation the cheerful scientist has now ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt, that man's nose is becoming smaller and smaller, and eventually he will have no nose at all.

Under the circumstances it would be a merciful dispensation of Providence if the woman of the future were born blind.

GRADUATED APPELLATIONS.

WHEN she was introduced to him she called him Mister Gildersleeve.

After she was well acquainted with him "Charles" was the usual term.

When they became engaged she addressed him as "Charlie."

As the engagement progressed he became "dear."

Just before the wedding she called him "dearest."

During the honeymoon she called him "darling."

To her friends she alluded to him as "Mr. Gildersleeve."

One year after marriage she called him "Say, you."

While in speaking of him he was "That husband of mine."

TEACHER: "Willie, what is a quadruped?"

Willie: "A thing with four legs, sir."

Teacher: "Name one."

Willie: "An elephant."

Teacher: "Are there any feathered quadrupeds?"

Willie: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "What?"

Willie: "A feather bed, sir."

A PICKED eleven of barristers from London played a cricket match with a picked eleven of barristers from Manchester. The day was beautifully fine, and a large company had assembled to see which set of lawyers had had the most practice. With the first ball of the second over, however, a dispute arose, and the twenty-two barristers gathered round the umpire to argue the point. The argument continued with no sign of abatement till five in the evening, at which time the umpire died.

AT A PREMIUM.

LIKE the preferred shares in C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., the July numbers of *Pearson's Magazine* and of *Melody*, price sixpence each, are at a premium. You may be fortunate enough to pick up an odd copy or two here and there at the ordinary price, but I should not like to give any guarantee of the success of your endeavour.

There has been a greater demand for these two July magazines than for any previous issues, and the demand is going to be still greater for the August numbers.

So spend a shilling now and another shilling next week, and remember in future to BUY EARLY and buy often.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3094. Which Creature has the Most Powerful Voice in Proportion to its Size?

All naturalists have remarked that birds have very much more powerful voices in proportion to their size than animals; hence we must look for the answer among birds, and the bird whose voice has been found to penetrate to the greatest distance is the *Aratinga* *alba*, or Bell Bird, of New Guinea. It is a white bird, about a foot long from beak to tail, and its note, which resembles the tone of a bell, has been heard at the distance of no less than three miles. Proportionately speaking, a man at this rate ought to be able to make himself heard at the distance of nearly twenty miles.

3095. In which Part of the Earth is the Barometer Least Variable?

A general reply would be the calm belts, whether of the equator, the tropics, or the poles. Admiral Fitzroy, from a large number of barometrical observations made at sea, has discovered that near the parallel of 5 deg. N. in the Atlantic Ocean the pressure of the atmosphere is so uniform as to afford a natural standard by which navigators out there at sea may, as they pass to and fro, compare their barometers, and Professor Schouw has constructed a barometrical curve between parallels 33 deg. S. and 75-30 deg. N., which establishes a similar fact with regard to the land. So steady and invariable is the pressure that after allowing for the six-hourly fluctuations to which in all parts of the world the barometer is subject, the mariner may detect any error in his barometer amounting to the two or three thousandth part of an inch. The difference between the mean height of the equatorial calm belt and that in the Tropics of Cancer is only 0.25 in., and this difference is permanent.

3097. What Becomes of the Oil in Oil Paint when the Paint Dries?

Oils exposed to the air absorb oxygen freely, and those containing linoleic acid, known as drying oils, of which linseed oil is the type, "thereby harden into a solid translucent semi-elastic body, a property of the greatest value in the arts." When oil paint is used, the paint after a short time becomes what is called by painters "dry," that is, the coating will no longer take an impression from the finger. But the change is not due to the evaporation of any volatile liquid, but to the absorption of oxygen from the air. This is easily proved. If three boards are painted with white lead paint, and one of them be placed in a vessel containing oxygen, the second in a vessel containing air, and the third is left in the open air, the first will "dry" three times faster than either of the others. Thus a quick-drying paint is really one that absorbs oxygen from the air rapidly. Paint "dries" more quickly at a high temperature than at a low one, that is oxidation proceeds more rapidly at 82 degrees Fahr., for instance, than at 60 degrees Fahr., and this is why painters vary the amount of "drying oil" which they add to their paint, according to the season of the year.

3098. In which Species of Animal is the Greatest Variety of Size to be Found?

The answer appears to lie between the dog and the monkey. There are dogs standing over three feet high at the shoulder, measuring nearly seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and weighing so much as fifteen stone, and at the other end of the scale the little Mexican lap dog is under seven inches in length from nose to tail-tip, and weighs only a few ounces. Among monkeys we have the gorilla standing five foot six in height, measuring thirty-six inches across the shoulders, and weighing twelve to fourteen stone, and with this we may contrast the tiny marmoset, only eight inches high and weighing a couple of pounds or so. In the case of both species there are, of course, scores of varieties and gradations of size and weight.

3099. Which of Our Rulers Most Strikingly Proved that "Rashness is the Parent of Misfortune"?

Charles I., whose utter recklessness nullified a fearless duplicity which in a more circumspect ruler would have insured success, and finally sent him to the scaffold. The son of a conceited pedant, the pupil of a dissolute favourite, there is small wonder that the obstinate temerity, so early developed, continued to remain a salient point in the character of this hapless monarch. From the time of his ill-advised journey into Spain with the arrogant Buckingham until he lost his liberty, a headstrong rashness wrecked his every scheme and plan. It is impossible here to give even the barest outline of the ruinous policy that characterised his reign; nor is it needful, for every one of his acts was either that of a tyrant, or of a gambler who seeks to recover his loss by an expedient more desperate than the last. To rule without a parliament, to impose taxes at his pleasure, to attempt to force on a nation—as he did on the Scots—a hated form of worship, were the acts of an overweening despot; to make apparently overt and almost simultaneous overtures to all parties, utterly indifferent to what suffering might result from his desperate effort to retain the semblance of sovereignty, were but the rash acts of a ruined gamester.

3100. Which is the Most Remarkable Historical Example of Straining at a Gnat and Swallowing a Camel?

The attitude of Henry VIII. in regard to the Reformation. The chief essential of the Roman Catholic Church is the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope. Another characteristic only second in importance to this is the monastic system. These two essentials Henry VIII. completely overthrew. By Act of Parliament he became supreme head of the church in England, and the monasteries were abolished with an almost indecent haste. When Henry VIII. had swallowed this camel he found the most extraordinary difficulty in assenting to minor doctrinal changes. The circulation of the Scriptures in English was forbidden, and the Act of Six Articles visited with extraordinary severity the least deviations from the old Catholic worship. Transubstantiation, auricular confession, private masses, the celibacy of priests and vows of chastity were all upheld with the greatest strictness of the law. A third offence against this stringent statute was punishable with death.

3102. How did Spiders Originally Learn to Catch their Prey by Means of Webs?

The spider's web probably originated in the cocoon in which the mother envelopes her eggs. All spiders protect their eggs in this way. Some go a step farther and spin a habitation for themselves. This is funnel-shaped, and serves only for protection. For still greater safety, a network of threads is spun round the aperture in some species. These fibres radiate from the funnel, and if they are touched the vibration is communicated to the occupant. Thus the presence of a possible prey is made known. Insects might become entangled in the meshes, and this would be an additional advantage. The step from such a web as this to the broad network which is spread out to catch flies is not a long one. It would seem, then, that in the process of evolution the additions made to the original cocoon, proving an advantage in the struggle for life, were perpetuated. Accidental, perhaps, at first, they grew little by little, and became the possession of numerous species. That spider's webs are now so common is proof that they must have conferred great advantages on the species.

3103. Which is the Most Notable Example of a Great Writer being Deprived of Recognition till after his Death?

On the whole, this is, perhaps, afforded by the great French naturalist and precursor of Darwin and Spencer, Jean Lamarck. His masterpiece was what Haeckel calls the "classic *Philosophie Zoologique*." In spite of its revolutionising conceptions, this work seemed to fall still-born from the press, and was simply ignored by Cuvier and the writer's other great contemporaries. Yet now France and all the world are proud

to do him honour. "The book," says Professor Haeckel, "is full of astonishingly bold, grand, and far-reaching views, expressed at a time when their establishment by a mass of facts was not nearly as possible as it is in our day." The same authority also affirms that to the author of this work "will always belong the immortal glory of having for the first time worked out the theory of descent as an independent scientific theory of the first order, and as the philosophical foundation of the whole science of biology." The apparently obvious case of Homer has been omitted, as the great Bard of Greece may have been one or many, and may also have been only a generic name for the collectors of a quantity of heroic myths gradually coalescing into the written form of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

3101. Which is the Most Remarkable Instance in History of a Period of Profound Peace between Two Epochs of Confusion?

The thirty-three years from 493 to 526. In the first of these years Theodoric the Ostrogoth, a man mighty alike in the arts of war and in the practice of government, conquered Odoacer. Up to then the empire of Rome had been racked with intestine discords, political, religious, and military. Without, hordes of barbarians were threatening from the North, sometimes penetrating even into the heart of Italy. Theodoric came from the East and established a new régime. The barbarians still menaced the empire of Rome, but their attacks were in vain. Theodoric successfully established a Gothic rule under Roman forms. The great traditions and dignity of the Roman Senate and the Roman name were preserved, but the vigour and energy of the Goth were added to vitalise the government. Himself the pioneer of religious toleration, Theodoric extended the same protection to the outcast Jew or schismatic Arian as he held out to the orthodox, and all strife was quenched. But this was the work of one man. The genius that established could not secure the peace he had instituted. With the death of Theodoric the old passions broke forth, the old vacillation returned, and the Roman Empire fell back into an anarchy and debility, all the more severe from the force of reaction.

3104. Does Playing Discords on a Piano put it Out of Tune?

Getting out of tune is usually synonymous with slackening of the strings and giving of the pegs, and there is nothing in musical experience to show that this is brought about more readily by playing discords than concords. But there is another aspect of the question which would probably admit of an affirmative answer. A piano or any other musical instrument has a sort of constitution of its own, and this constitution is affected by the treatment that it receives. Hence, given two pianos of equal excellence of construction, under similar conditions of temperature, the one belonging to a highly skilled pianist, and the other at the mercy of tyros and bad performers, the probability, in fact the certainty, would be that the general constitution of the instruments would be unequally affected, and that the one belonging to the expert would remain in tune and good condition much longer than the other.

3105. Which is the Ugliest Animal?

Absolutely the ugliest creature in existence is a fish inhabiting the warmer waters of the ocean from the shores of India to Polynesia. The natives of the Isle of France call it the "Fi-fi," which is the equivalent of "hideous." Scientifically it is styled *Synanceia Verrucosa*. It is thus described by a distinguished naturalist: "It is not easy to imagine any living creature more frightfully repulsive than this. It looks as if it had been originally but an undeveloped idea of a fish only partially carried out, with a body covered with tubercles, diseased from confluent smallpox, and its surface in an advanced stage of decomposition. The head of this creature is enormous in proportion to the size of its body, and the skin, which hangs loosely about it, is soft, spongy, warty, and when touched adheres to the fingers as if covered with glue. Its colour is blackish, mottled at random with white, grey, and brown; sometimes it is almost wholly black." The octopus would appear to be almost a thing of beauty in comparison with this repulsive eccentricity of Nature.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at the rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3131. In which civilised country does the value of the coinage fluctuate most greatly?

3132. Who is the earliest English monarch of whom an authentic portrait exists?

3133. If the actual inaccuracy in our reckoning of the length of the year is not remedied, how long will it take before Christmas comes in the middle of summer?

3134. Why do the afternoons begin to lengthen before the shortest day, and the mornings continue to shorten till after it?

3135. Supposing the Salic law had been in force in England since Henry VIII., who would be King of England at the present time?

3136. What is the real cause of the pistol-like report of the crack of the stock-whip?

3137. Why are the early morning hours most fatal to invalids?

3138. Which is the most famous sword mentioned in history?

3139. Which national press is most untrustworthy?

3140. Which English sovereign's life was attempted the greatest number of times?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

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THREE STAGES.

ACT I.

SIGHING like a furnace,
Over ears in love,
Blind in adoration
Of his lady's glove:
Thinks no girl was ever
Quite so sweet as she,
Tells you she's an angel,
Expects you to agree.

ACT II.

Moping and repining,
Gloomy and morose,
Asks the price of poison.
Thinks he'll take a dose,
Women are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Marriage is a failure,
Like a broken dam.

ACT III.

Whistling, blithe, and cheerful,
Always bright and gay,
Dancing, singing, laughing
All the live-long day:
Full of fun and frolic,
Caught in Fashion's whirl,
Thinks no more of poison—
Got another girl!

A TROUBLED HOUSEMAID.

A CERTAIN canon reads prayers to his household every night. One morning his new housemaid—she was a country girl, and had only just begun service in the house the day before—gave notice, tearfully. No reason was assigned; but nothing could persuade her to stay in the canon's house, where, she said, she had been so grossly insulted. No one could understand the girl, but after much persuasion she explained:
"I was at prayers last night, and I heard master say: 'O Lord, who atest nothing but th' ousemaid.'"

HOW THE WEATHER AFFECTS THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE waitresses on the terrace of the House of Commons are not engaged by the session, or even by the week, but from day to day, and the number engaged depends on the state of the weather.
Some thirty or forty waitresses have, therefore, to be in attendance at an agency situated near Charing Cross, in order to know whether their services will be required or not. Should the weather be fine, they may all be sent to the House, but should it be unpropitious, only six or seven may be required, and the remainder—like Lord Ullin—are "left lamenting."

BOW-LEGGED STOCKINGS.

DURING last autumn a pitman was asked by a friend, who was very bow-legged, to purchase, when next "it the toon," a pair of stockings for him. On the following pay Saturday the pitman entered the shop of a well-known hosier to make the purchase.
The shopman was most obliging, but having shown the intending purchaser nearly every pair in stock he at last thought it time to ask of the man a more minute description of what was required.
He said he had shown nearly all they had, and he was sure their shop was second to none, and as they had hitherto given satisfaction to all classes, it was strange that they could not now suit a customer. The pitman laconically replied: "What I want is a pair o' bow-legged yins."

THE INFERIORITY OF WOMEN.

THE women in Heligoland are, generally speaking, small and gracefully formed, and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates. The female loveliness is, no doubt, owing in a large measure to the inferior fare and the rough work with the nets.
No thought of female suffrage is ever likely to enter a Heligolander's head. His idea of the relation of the sexes is the old one—that the man is the head of the family and that women, take them as you like, are an inferior lot. The men are kind and courteous to their women in all respects, but there is no doubt who is lord.
The patriarchal system has scarcely died out. Each lusty, broad-shouldered son, though he may have passed his twenty-first birthday, is required to give all, or nearly all, his earnings to his father so long as he lives under the parental roof.
Heligoland, as a rule, marry young. There are more women than men, and it is not difficult to find a mate. Housekeeping is not an expensive affair, and there is plenty of money to be earned if a man is industrious.

RAILWAYS IN THE AIR.

FIVE MILES AT A BOUND THROUGH SPACE.

THE single rope bridges of the Himalayas and the Tibetan frontier are probably among the oldest and simplest engineering devices known. A rough rope, sometimes made only of twisted birch, is fastened across the chasm of a mountain torrent, and round this is hung a hoop. In this the passenger sits and hauls himself across by hitching the hoop forwards as he holds the rope above with his hands.

The only development of this primitive system was the addition of a second rope, an endless cord, by which the passenger in the hoop was drawn across from either side, with no more risk than was involved in the task of keeping himself from falling out of the hoop in which he sat. Some such rough form of transport, with buckets and wheels substituted for the hoop, was used for many years in the lead mines of the Peak of Derbyshire; but if hemp had remained the strongest material for rope-making, the aerial railway would never have taken the place which it has, nor attracted the attention which it now claims, among the practical means of cheap transport.

The invention of the twisted steel rope has made the development of the aerial railway practically safe and commercially possible, and more than 2,000 miles of line are now in working order in Spain, Italy, South America, India, the Cape, China, and Japan.

To "over-seas Englishmen" the cableway at Hong Kong is as well-known as the "Devil's Dyke" at Brighton. It shares with the latter the distinction of being one of the only two aerial lines used solely for passenger traffic, though it was built for useful and commercial reasons.

It was found necessary to transport all European workmen in Hong Kong up the mountain every night, in order to sleep in purer air, and the cheapest and quickest means was found to be the construction of a "Telfer" line. The saving in time alone is said to have already amply repaid the cost of the building operations.

The length of the line is two miles, and the exact height ascended 1,090 feet. The Chinese population of Hong Kong were much disturbed by the invasion of the mountain by this railway. They attributed the epidemic of the plague to the anger of the mountain demons, who were prevented by the wires from making their nightly flights round the circuit of the hill.

The difficulties in the construction of the Table Mountain wire line were far greater than in that at Hong Kong. A precipice and incline to 800ft. in height interrupted the ascent midway. The summit of this precipice was used as a support, and the suspending wire leaped in a single span of 1,470ft. to the edge of the cliff, and from thence, in another span of 1,400ft. to the flat top of the mountain. The loads carried across these gulfs average half a ton each, and the line is used both for passenger and goods traffic.

The Rock of Gibraltar has also its wire line, though of slighter build and far more striking steepness. The height to the signal station is barely a quarter less than the total length of the line, and the wire runs straight to the summit on a series of lofty trestles after a first leap of 1,000ft., in an ascent of 1ft. in every 11ft.

Viewed against the sky, looking parallel to the mountain side, it appears like a telegraph wire stretched tight from the tops of a series of miniature Eiffel towers; yet the soldiers ascend and descend in the little wooden boxes which travel on it with equal safety and comfort. The Hong Kong, Gibraltar, and Table Mountain lines are worked on a double cable, along which one car ascends as the other descends, the two being connected by a hauling rope.

But these are toys compared with the complicated and ever-increasing system of aerial trains now working in the great iron mines of Spain. Near Bilbao the greater part of a mountain side is quarried away at different levels to obtain the fine iron ore, which is carried to the railway by nine lines, running from the station at the foot of the mountain to the mines along the summit. These nine lines carry on an average of 2,500 tons of ore a day, none of which touches the level of the ground till it has travelled some five miles through space.

The appearance of these multiplex lines of wire stretching from tower to tower of light trellised iron, and hung at intervals with hundreds of ore-carriages in constant motion, is one of the strangest spectacles in modern mining enterprise. The double line of iron scaffolds, where it leaves the terminus in the valley, looks like the support of some enormous viaduct, festooned with wires slung with rows of pendent buckets.

Higher up the mountain, where deep ravines cut the face of the hill, the trestles tower to such a height that the travelling loads of ore look like little black balls against the sky. When the different levels of the mine are reached, the lines of the wire-way diverge and are carried to nine separate points in the workings.

Yet the traffic is controlled with little difficulty, and there is no risk of any serious stoppage by accident, as in the case of a breakdown on the trunk lines of a great railway. At the worst one or two lines only would be blocked, leaving the others free for use. It is calculated that 100,000 tons of ore can be carried on each of these cables before it becomes unfit for service.

THE SECRETS OF ASSASSINATION.

IN Hindustan there is a choice of secret arms. The *gupti*, or sword-stick, may be bought in every bazaar, and is said to have been used in the days of Akbar (1543-1605), but it is doubtful whether the phrase in the "Ain-i-Akbari" of the Abul-Fazl does not rather refer to the Arab dagger, with its deep sheath containing both blade and haft.

If the traveller prefer it, he may buy a sword thin and flexible as the Toledo coiled blades, to wind round his waist in his cummerbund. If he be a fakir, the ornamented crutch which upholds his arm while he edifies the faithful by silent reflections upon the syllable *om*, will contain a sharp-pointed quadrangular blade for the confusion of the unbeliever. Even lovely women in the harem carry a miniature *katar*, with H-shaped grip, or a diminutive *peshkabs*, double-curved, single-edged, atrocious.



In Mysore and Hyderabad the *bich'hwa* (scorpion)—the double-curved misericordia of the East—is carried by the lower classes, hidden up the sleeve, and is made right or left-handed, to suit all tastes. It is a favourite and effectual weapon of assassination, being driven downwards from behind, inside the collar-bone, and is sometimes double-bladed and poisoned, the poison being carried in a suitable hollow in the hilt.

The strangest of secret arms is perhaps the *bagh nakh*, or tiger claw of the Mahrattas, with its two rings for the first and fourth fingers, and the three to five curved steel claws, intended to protrude from the closed hand between the fingers, and to tear open the victim. The hand half open shows only two bright rings round the fingers. The clenched fist becomes the armed paw of the human tiger.

Mr. Egerton tells how the Mahratta leader Sivaji murdered his enemy, Afzal Khan, after inviting him to a conference, in which each should come with one attendant only. Sivaji wore a mail cap and coat under his turban and cotton gown, had a *bich'hwa* in his right sleeve, and a *bagh nakh* on his left hand. The Khan had only his sword, and sent away his follower to assure Sivaji, who was of small stature and counterfeited timidity.



"In the midst of the customary embrace Sivaji struck the *bagh nakh* into Afzal Khan, who quickly disengaged himself, and clapped his hand on his sword, exclaiming 'treachery and murder!' but Sivaji instantly followed up the blow with his dagger. The Khan had drawn his sword and made a cut at Sivaji, but the concealed armour was proof against the blow. The whole was the work of a moment, and Sivaji was wrestling the sword from the hand of his victim before the attendant could run towards him."

MISTRESS: "Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now how can we prevent this occurring again?"

Bridget: "O! don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages."

CLARA: "What do you think of young Freshleigh, dear?"

Belle: "Think of him? He is so execrably green that I'm sure Nature intended he should adopt Paris as his first name and be sold in tin cans for the extermination of rats."

FIRST CAB DRIVER (on his rank): "What's that thing yer got 'tween the shafts o' your cab, matey?"

Second Cabman: "Why, can't you see? That's my 'oss. What did you think it is?"

First Cab Driver: "Oh, I thought it was one of these ere new photographs. Yer can only see the skellington."

CUSTOMER: "That umbrella you sold me is made of such miserable poor stuff, that it won't last a month."

Dealer: "Yah. Ve always zells dot kind to intellectual men like you. You gets to thinking on great subjects, and becomes so absent minded you lose it in dree weeks; and den you haf de satisfaction off knowing dat de man who uses it vill get vet."

Your Character from your Handwriting.

HOSE of the readers of P.W. who wish to have their characters told should forward a specimen of their hand-writing upon an unruled sheet of paper with their signature and full address.

With this should be inclosed six stamps and a stamped and addressed envelope. All letters should be marked "GRAPHOLOGIST" and forwarded to Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

WHAT MILLIONAIRES DRINK.

SOME HINTS FOR THIRSTY P.W. READERS.

In weather such as we have recently experienced, London may be said to pant. Open windows and doors flung back seem to gape for air. Where the inhabitants are most crowded sleep becomes impossible. In the East-end people may be seen spending their nights on the house-tops. Above all, everyone is thirsty. In the great heat wines and beers and spirits become dangerous to consume in large quantities. Yet the people who advocate totalism are unable to produce a tempting beverage. In fact, the thirsty Londoner runs through a long list, from champagne to barley-water, and finds no name which seems to offer the exact refreshment for which his parched throat proclaims an urgent need. Something, in fact, may be said against every single item in this long category.

Man has been drinking for thousands of years, and yet he has failed to discover a beverage which exactly meets the requirements of a combination of tropical weather and cycling mania on a people who are compelled to assume a dress equally suitable for cold weather as for hot, since they can be never certain what each hour will bring forth. What this combination means it is not difficult to realise when we bear in mind that at least seventy per cent. of the human body is composed of water, to compensate the perpetual waste of which a fresh supply is essential.

In the matter of drinks the Americans are undoubtedly ahead of us. By degrees their iced concoctions are becoming known over here, but they are not yet within reach of everyone. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a delicious beverage for the hot weather known as "May wine." This is brewed like punch (a drink for which the American has at least three score recipes), in a glass bowl, and consists of champagne, sugar, rum, pine-apples, strawberries, and the juice of woodruff root. This may be taken hourly. It is cool, appetising, and, in a word, delicious.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, also a member of the select class of millionaires, has a unique drink, which deserves attention. This is known as the Depew Oolong lemonade, and is made as follows:

One quart bottle half full of ice, to which is added the juice of three lemons and a wineglassful of sugar. Fill this up in order to cause a "stir" with fresh, hot Oolong tea.

This may be varied with a recipe of Mr. W. W. Astor's, whose favourite beverage is the juice of twelve ripe strawberries and half a lemon, one beaten egg, and as much water as there is egg, a little champagne, and the whole shaken together, with ice and sugar to taste. Hoch-cup is also relished by the millionaire, who has a weakness for cider and gingerbeer, blended in equal proportions, enlivened by a dash of soda-water and a squeeze of lemon.

Julep is another popular drink with the connoisseurs of what is best. Writing of this beverage, Captain Marryatt says: "I must dissent a little on mint julep, as it is with the thermometer at 100 degrees one of the most delightful and insinuating potations that ever was invented, and may be drunk with equal satisfaction with the thermometer so low as seventy degrees." Then follows the recipe:

"Put into a tumbler about a dozen sprigs of the tender shoots of mint, upon them put a teaspoonful of white sugar and equal proportions of peach and common brandy so as to fill it one third, or, perhaps, a little less. Then take rasped or pounded ice and fill up the tumbler. Epicures rub the lips of the tumbler with a piece of fresh pineapple, and the tumbler itself is very often incrustated outside with stalactites of ice. As the ice melts, you drink."

The ginger beer which can be bought nowadays cannot compare in flavour with the old decoctions which used to be made of Jamaica ginger macerated in water, with the addition of lemon-juice and sugar. The fashion after which it was made was this: Take one ounce of best Jamaica ginger and crush thoroughly with a hammer; boil gently for about an hour in a quart of water, then add one pound of best loaf sugar, and make up to a gallon with hot water; stir until all is dissolved. Add a small quantity of the soluble essence of lemon and gum extract. Then stir in a quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid, and, if required for quick fermentation, a very small quantity of yeast. The beer should fine down perfectly clear, and should then be bottled. In from one to three weeks' time it is ready for drinking, and may be kept for months.

It is remarkable that milk, although a comparative failure as a beverage, should not take part in more potations. We have, it is true, milk and soda, but at the time we have forgotten syllabub, which is one of the few milk drinks there are.

Place in a large bowl a quart of strong ale or beer, grate into this a little nutmeg, and sweeten with sugar; milk the cow rapidly into the bowl, forcing the milk as strongly as may be done into the ale and against the sides of the vessel to raise a good froth. Let it stand an hour, and it will be fit for use. Cider may be used instead of malt liquor for those who object to alcoholic strength.

This beverage, which is a favourite with Mr. G. Gould, the American millionaire, is worthy of more general attention than it receives.

ROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY DAYS.

WHEN the Trans-Siberian Railway is completed, in 1900, it will be possible for anyone to encircle the globe in thirty days. Over the new route the traveller can be in St. Petersburg forty-five hours after leaving London, and 250 hours will see him in Port Arthur.

A Russo-American steamship company, now in the course of formation, will land him in San Francisco seven days later, whence he can proceed via New York to London, in about ten days more. The price of the round trip ticket need not be over £80, and might be as little as £50.

READ IT IN HER EYES.

It is one of those soft, witching, moonlight nights when there is a big business done in Cupid's confessional.

"Until I met you, Adele," he murmured in a voice husky with emotion, "I believed that all women were deceitful, but when I look into your clear, beautiful eyes I behold there the very soul of candour and loyalty."

"George," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "this is the happiest moment I have known since papa took me to that Paris oculist."

"Paris oculist!"

"Yes, dear; you never would have known that my left eye is a glass one."

Then the moon went under a cloud, and George rolled over and buried his face in the moist grass.

WATCHING THE DEAD FOR A LIVING.

THE profession of undertaker is usually regarded as the most dreary, but it does not approach in its way that of the Jewish "vacher," whose duty it is to keep watch over dead bodies day and night, until they are removed for burial.

The Jews may not permit a corpse to be left alone under any circumstances, for it must be watched in order that no evil spirits take possession of it. To the relatives this watching would be a most painful task, and it would not be easy to find somebody else willing to do it; hence the necessity for men who make it their profession and earn their living entirely by means of it. Naturally not many are fitted for this work, and the profession is not overcrowded. A fee of four shillings a day and six shillings a night is the remuneration; and in a large Jewish community like that in London there is always plenty of work, and the earnings are fairly good.

A vacher is called in so soon as it is certain that death will ensue, and he stays till the funeral which usually takes place forty-eight hours after death.

As might be expected of individuals who are brought daily in contact with the dead, this watching has very little effect upon them, and even when remaining with those who have died from some infectious disease, they appear to preserve a most callous demeanour. A story is told of one, who, feeling sleepy, removed the corpse of a person who had died of typhoid fever to the floor, while he made himself comfortable for the night in the bed; and he was none the worse for it.

MRS. RAFFERTY: "Your daughter has a fine touch on the pianny."

Mrs. Moriarty: "Yis, she has a great taste for music; but thin 'tis only natural, for her grandfather had his skull opened with a cornet at a temperance fate."

A LITTLE girl recently drank a pint of paraffin oil. The doctor thought she would die, until one of her relatives hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candlewick down into the oil, lit the upper end, and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right.

AGENT: "Can't I put a burglar alarm in your house?"

Lady: "No, we don't need it."

Agent: "But—"

Lady: "No, I mean it; the family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen."

ONE cold, blustering morning in December, 1864, the tent of the late American General Mahone, who was an exceedingly thin man, was pitched on a bleak Virginia hillside. He was indulging in a morning nap, when "Uncle Davy," his negro body-servant, tiptoed in, and, stumbling over something, knocked down the General's cot and spilled him on the ground.

Springing to his feet, the irate officer seized a sword and gave chase to the flying Davy. The darkey jumped a fence, and, feeling safe, turned back towards his master, whose notably slender unclad limbs were shaking with cold, and yelled: "Good lawd, Massa William, you ain't trustin' yo' self in dis wind on dem legs, is you?"

CRICKET NOTES.

W. G. has created a useful precedent in insisting that when an injured batsman has another to run for him the latter must wear pads. It is quite conceivable that a slight injury which prevents a batsman running, instead of being a drawback, may actually be a benefit to his side, considering that a man running without pads is able to steal a far greater number of runs than a player fully equipped with the regulation armour is possibly able to do. Club cricketers would do well to follow the example set by the champion, and make it a matter of course that when a man comes in to run for another he wears the same number of pads as the player for whom he is running.

SOME sapient critics have thought well to observe that Lilley would be acting more in accordance with the ethics of modern wicket-keeping if he stood up to fast bowlers of the Richardson type. It was noticed during the England match that Lilley took up a position some way behind the stumps when the Surrey fast bowler was making the ball spin. As a matter-of-fact Lilley was doing the best possible thing under the circumstances. When standing up to the stumps it is quite impossible to make certain of taking every fast ball, especially if the wicket be at all fiery; and one would have thought that the number of catches which have been missed during the present dry season by wicket-keepers when standing up to fast bowlers would be sufficient proof that it is better to stand some way behind the stumps and accept catches than to dance about the wicket and miss them.

In these days of hard wickets the question of wicket-keeping is deserving of serious attention. To stand some yards away from the stumps puts an end to all idea of stumping, though of course there is the compensating advantage of economy in byes. What we have to consider is whether it is better for the man with the gloves to attend to his stumping duties and, perhaps, lose a number of byes; or (2) to dispense with stumping altogether, and let the wicket-keeper act in the capacity of long-stop, as many keepers are doing; or (3) arrange for the services of a long-stop in addition to those of a wicket-keeper. The number of catches missed at the wicket and the enormous number of byes which have been recorded in certain matches of late, certainly point to the conclusion that it would be better to have both a wicket-keeper at the stumps and a long-stop. In reality, the old-fashioned long-stop is one of the most useful men on the field, for, besides taking sharp tips in the slips, he is able to save many a snick to leg which would otherwise inevitably go to the boundary.

WILLIAM BROCKWELL'S splendid innings for Surrey against Sussex is a welcome sign of a really fine cricketer's return to form. Brockwell's career has been somewhat singular. Born in 1866, it was not until he had reached his twenty-sixth birthday that he achieved any distinction as a cricketer, although some years before this the Surrey Club with its usual foresight had secured him as a member of its ground staff. In 1894, however, Brockwell showed his true colours by compiling five separate centuries at the Oval, and coming out at the top of the averages at the close of the season—his figures reading 45 innings, 1,491 runs, 128 highest innings, average 38.9. In the autumn of 1894, Brockwell went out to Australia with Mr. Stoddart's team, and his play in the Colonies showed a lamentable falling off as compared with his performances in the preceding summer at home. Indeed Brockwell's visit to the Colonies seemed at one time to have robbed him of most of his skill—a slice of bad luck which, curiously enough, has happened to more than one good cricketer who has undertaken a journey to the Antipodes—seeing that last year the best he could do was to be returned with the low average of 22.33 per innings. But in spite of this temporary eclipse, Brockwell's great powers as a batsman are undeniable, and it is agreeable in every way to think that at last the popular Surrey batsman has found his true form again.

TWO CLAIMS FOR £100 PAID.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.57 p.m. on Saturday, July 25th, and 8.48 p.m. on August 1st. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half-an-hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature _____

Available until midnight, August 1st, 1896.

ARMY NOTES.

No. 35.

Seven Soldier
Sons.

THE fact of a Mrs. Keveth, living at St. Brewarda, Cornwall, being the mother of seven sons, all of whom are at the present time serving in our army, and all bearing good characters, having been recently communicated to her Majesty, she forthwith graciously caused a framed print of herself, together with a donation of £10, to be given to Mrs. Keveth, and desired that Colonel Knox, commanding the 32nd Regiment, by whom the presentation was made at Bodmin a few weeks ago, to obtain, if possible, a photograph of the seven sons in a group, or, failing this, one of each separately.

How our
Soldiers Shoot.

THE musketry report of the army for 1894-5, just issued, is not very reassuring, despite the great improvement that was anticipated on the introduction of the Lee-Metford rifle and its (smokeless) cordite ammunition, the exact figures being (infantry) 14 per cent. bad, 54 per cent. moderate, and only 32 per cent. good. Yet even this is a marked improvement on what obtained in 1877, as witness the following story told of the troops which took part in the great camp at Delhi in 1877, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. In those days field firing was in its infancy, and, of course, such a gathering of soldiers was taken advantage of, and the divisions formed up on the plain for the manoeuvre. The big guns roared, rifles and carbines cracked, as if pandemonium was running riot. Then the bugles sounded "cease firing," and the battalions were led up to see the ruin they had wrought on their earthenware and canvas enemies. When lo! from among the targets rose an ancient but stately Hindu, who had been cooking his breakfast in one of the pots used to represent a head. He salaamed to the assembled warriors and stalked silently away.

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UNDER existing regulations, a man entitled to a pension must be alive on the day on which it falls due, otherwise those dependent upon him lose all benefit therefrom. Thus, in the case of a man dying only the day before his quarterly pension was due (as recently occurred) his family are left in very straitened circumstances. It seems to me that it would be a gracious act on the part of the Government in such cases to institute a system whereby at least a portion of the amount the man would have received had he lived a day longer might be paid over to his survivors.

IN the seventy-first year of his age this fine specimen of a soldier has by his death reduced still further the remnant of those who rode in the celebrated Balaclava charge. It was on that occasion that his horse having been shot under him, he stopped on the field with a wounded officer (Captain Webb) amidst a shower of shot and shell, although repeatedly told by the officer in question to consult his own safety and leave him, instead of doing which, however, he remained by him until, with the assistance of Sergeant John Farrell, he carried him out of range of the guns. The Victoria Cross was awarded to him for having at the battle of Alma captured as prisoners three Russians when within reach of their own guns.

THE Rev. R. Stewart Patterson, Senior Chaplain to Her Majesty's forces at Cairo, having offered to distribute any newspapers, illustrated magazines, or periodicals sent to him for the use of our troops on the Nile, Messrs. Henry Johnson and Sons, 39, Great Tower Street, E.C., have been good enough to announce that they will be pleased to receive, pack, and forward, free of expense, to Cairo, any newspapers, etc., which may be sent them for such purpose. All such parcels should be addressed to their Express Baggage Department, 39, Great Tower Street, E.C. I hope some of my readers will take the hint.

Good Conduct
Medals.

ACCORDING to the Queen's Regulations a soldier, except under special circumstances, is not to be recommended for the grant of a good conduct medal until he has performed not less than eighteen years' service, but by what seems an absurd anomaly, if he is appointed to warrant rank before the expiry of the period named, he is debarred from the coveted distinction, although if he obtains the medal prior to attaining warrant rank he is allowed to retain it. This certainly seems unreasonable, to say the least of it.

Soldiers on
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HITHERTO the regulation has been that on a soldier being discharged at the expiration of his term of service, either permanently or by transference into the Reserve, his travelling expenses should be defrayed to the place whereat he enlisted. A very much more sensible idea would have been to grant a free travelling pass to the place where the man proposed residing for the future, and it is satisfactory to note that this indulgence is now to be granted.

PENCIL POINTS TELL THE
CHARACTER.

THE very latest key to character has been discovered in the point of a pencil. A noted graphologist the other day stated that there was almost as much in the manner in which a man sharpened his pencil as there was in the formation of his letters. "For instance," he said, "take the man who habitually gives to his pencil a short, 'stumpy' point, showing but little of the lead. You will find that meanness is the key to his character. I should say that he had acquisitiveness largely developed, and that his temper would be as short as the point of his pencil. In calligraphy he would make his y's small, with short tails: and physiognomically speaking he would have a protruding underlip (which generally indicates avarice), and in walking he would not swing his arms."

"The commercial man would give his pencil a moderately long, very even and carefully sharpened point. His writing would be the sloping, business hand which everybody knows, and generally speaking he would have an even shaped head with a square chin."

"The man who gives his pencil a long, narrow, uneven point, showing much of the lead, is generous to prodigality, careless, and frequently hasty tempered. His writing is loose and uneven, and he has probably some literary ability."

"The artistic taste is shown by a long, irregular point, and finely sharpened lead. The cutting in the wood is delicate with many furrows. This kind of point shows individuality, and is open to more variations than one would suppose."

OMNIBUS ETIQUETTE.

FOR LADIES.

ALWAYS speak in a loud tone of voice in a 'bus. It attracts attention.

Never tell the conductor where you wish to get off. He is supposed to know.

Never thank the man who gives you his seat. He might think you wanted to flirt with him.

If you have three or four bundles, lay them on the seat beside you, especially if the 'bus is crowded. You will then not be crowded yourself.

Always try to stop the 'bus on the near side of the crossing. You will have to walk to the other side, and this makes a good excuse for abusing the conductor.

As an alternative, stop the 'bus half way up a steep hill. The horses enjoy the fun of starting, especially when the roads are slippery.

If the conductor carries you a yard or so beyond your destination, look daggers at him and turn up your nose. This will have a tendency to make him feel good.

Do not wait for the driver to stop before getting off, but alight with your face to the rear of the 'bus. The result will be unpleasant, but you will have shown your independence.

If you have a lady friend in the 'bus always kiss her and tell her to "be sure and call" before getting off. This gives the horses a chance to rest and pleases the conductor. This urbane official will be particularly pleased if you stop to add a choice bit of gossip to your parting admonition.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Never give up your seat to a lady unless she is young and pretty.

It is a good plan to read a newspaper. It gives you an excuse for not noticing that a lady wants a seat.

If there are any pretty girls in the 'bus stare at them hard and persistently. This has a tendency to make them feel comfortable.

Make a practice of whistling. Your travelling companions will be obliged to hear it, and they may possibly delight in listening.

Cross your legs so that they will occupy the full width of the passage. This will afford additional exercise to the conductor, who is badly in need of it.

A FRENCHWOMAN makes the naïve confession of having attended 722 balls to catch a husband, and of having caught, instead, bronchitis fourteen times, pleurisy thrice, and 120 colds in the head.

CUSTOMER: "What is the price of this material?"

Assistant: "That is two shillings a yard, madam."

Customer: "Oh, that is much too dear."

Assistant: "But it is reduced from three shillings."

Customer: "Is that so? I'll take ten yards."

It was in the tram-car, and two girls were talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right."

INSECTS THAT BRING LUCK.

AMONG the countless superstitions once so firmly believed in by a former generation, those relating to the insect world are among the most curious and interesting. Take, for example, the notion that bees, from their domestic character and pecuniary value, are interested in the affairs of the family to whom they belong.

In some districts this belief was so much an article of faith that, on the death of the master or mistress of the house, the melancholy event was made known to the little community with due ceremony. The common custom was to visit the hives, tap three times with the house key, and say: "Bees, your master is dead," a bit of crape was then put on each hive in order that the bees might share in the family mourning. If this ceremony were omitted it was believed the bees would die.

In other districts some member of the family lifted up each hive as the funeral procession left the house, from a notion that if this were not done the bees would desert the hive and seek other quarters.

Many other curious notions were associated with the busy little insects. For example, it was considered "an honour and a privilege" for strange bees to visit one's garden; but when a wild bee entered a house, it was regarded as a death warning. This belief seems akin to the old Roman idea that it was ominous for bees to settle on the top of a house or on a temple.

Everybody knows the story of King Robert Bruce and the spider, and how it is considered unlucky for anyone, especially of the name of Bruce, to kill a spider, a belief embodied in the old distich:

If you wish to live and thrive,
Let the spider run alive.

In some districts it is considered lucky to find a spider on one's clothes, the insect's presence there being held to indicate that the owner of the clothes is either to receive new garments or a sum of money.

The pretty little ladybird is associated with the folklore of love and marriage. "Seize one," runs the charm, "throw it up into the air, repeating the while:

Fly away east and fly away west;
Show me where lives the one I like best.

And the ladybird will fly straight off towards the abode of the future spouse."

In the South of England a cruel superstition condemns to death the first butterfly one sees in the early summer, from an absurd idea that this barbarous proceeding will bring luck for the rest of the year.

In bygone days the ticking of the death-watch was heard with dread, for it was held to be a sure portent of approaching dissolution. Sir Thomas Brown says: "the man who could eradicate this error from the mind of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers."

This terrible death-watch is, say those learned in natural history, only a dusky insect, about a quarter of an inch in length, with irregular brownish spots. The ticking sound is the insect's language, which, however, does not proceed from vocal organs, as it does not possess them, but simply from its custom of beating on any hard substance with the shield or forepart of its head. It is difficult to distinguish this beetle from the decaying wood it inhabits.

Another species is about a tenth of an inch long. It is also found in old wood, old furniture, and neglected books, and both male and female make a ticking noise like that of a watch, when they wish to communicate with each other.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway Insurance.

438 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)
This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 COUPON TICKET.
Specially Guaranteed by the
OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION, LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1893.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper on which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1893, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, July 26th, 1896, until Midnight, Saturday, August 1st, 1896. (See column 3, page 43.)

Don't fail to read the Introduction to Mr. George Griffith's great story, "Briton or Boer?" on page 45.

WHAT MILLIONAIRES DRINK.

SOME HINTS FOR THIRSTY P.W. READERS.

In weather such as we have recently experienced, London may be said to pant. Open windows and doors flung back seem to gape for air. Where the inhabitants are most crowded sleep becomes impossible. In the East-end people may be seen spending their nights on the housetops. Above all, everyone is thirsty. In the great heat wines and beers and spirits become dangerous to consume in large quantities. Yet the people who advocate teetotalism are unable to produce a tempting beverage. In fact, the thirsty Londoner runs through a long list, from champagne to barley-water, and finds no name which seems to offer the exact refreshment for which his parched throat proclaims an urgent need. Something, in fact, may be said against every single item in this long category.

Man has been drinking for thousands of years, and yet he has failed to discover a beverage which exactly meets the requirements of a combination of tropical weather and cycling mania on a people who are compelled to assume a dress equally suitable for cold weather as for hot, since they can be never certain what each hour will bring forth. What this combination means it is not difficult to realise when we bear in mind that at least seventy per cent. of the human body is composed of water, to compensate the perpetual waste of which a fresh supply is essential.

In the matter of drinks the Americans are undoubtedly ahead of us. By degrees their iced concoctions are becoming known over here, but they are not yet within reach of everyone. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a delicious beverage for the hot weather known as "May wine." This is brewed like punch (a drink for which the American has at least three score recipes), in a glass bowl, and consists of champagne, sugar, rum, pine-apples, strawberries, and the juice of woodruff root. This may be taken hourly. It is cool, appetising, and, in a word, delicious.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, also a member of the select class of millionaires, has a unique drink, which deserves attention. This is known as the Depew Oolong lemonade, and is made as follows:

One quart bottle half full of ice, to which is added the juice of three lemons and a wineglassful of sugar. Fill this up in order to cause a "stir" with fresh, hot Oolong tea.

This may be varied with a recipe of Mr. W. W. Astor's, whose favourite beverage is the juice of twelve ripe strawberries and half a lemon, one beaten egg, and as much water as there is egg, a little champagne, and the whole shaken together, with ice and sugar to taste. Hoch-cup is also relished by the millionaire, who has a weakness for cider and gingerbeer, blended in equal proportions, enlivened by a dash of soda-water and a squeeze of lemon.

Julep is another popular drink with the connoisseurs of what is best. Writing of this beverage, Captain Marryatt says: "I must dissent a little on mint julep, as it is with the thermometer at 100 degrees one of the most delightful and insinuating potations that ever was invented, and may be drunk with equal satisfaction with the thermometer so low as seventy degrees." Then follows the recipe:

"Put into a tumbler about a dozen sprigs of the tender shoots of mint, upon them put a teaspoonful of white sugar and equal proportions of peach and common brandy so as to fill it one third, or, perhaps, a little less. Then take rasped or pounded ice and fill up the tumbler. Epicures rub the lips of the tumbler with a piece of fresh pineapple, and the tumbler itself is very often incrustated outside with stalactites of ice. As the ice melts, you drink."

The ginger beer which can be bought nowadays cannot compare in flavour with the old decoctions which used to be made of Jamaica ginger macerated in water, with the addition of lemon-juice and sugar. The fashion after which it was made was this: Take one ounce of best Jamaica ginger and crush thoroughly with a hammer; boil gently for about an hour in a quart of water, then add one pound of best loaf sugar, and make up to a gallon with hot water; stir until all is dissolved. Add a small quantity of the soluble essence of lemon and gum extract. Then stir in a quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid, and, if required for quick fermentation, a very small quantity of yeast. The beer should fine down perfectly clear, and should then be bottled. In from one to three weeks' time it is ready for drinking, and may be kept for months.

It is remarkable that milk, although a comparative failure as a beverage, should not take part in more potations. We have, it is true, milk and soda, but at the time we have forgotten syllabub, which is one of the few milk drinks there are.

Place in a large bowl a quart of strong ale or beer, grate into this a little nutmeg, and sweeten with sugar; milk the cow rapidly into the bowl, forcing the milk as strongly as may be done into the ale and against the sides of the vessel to raise a good froth. Let it stand an hour, and it will be fit for use. Cider may be used instead of malt liquor for those who object to alcoholic strength.

This beverage, which is a favourite with Mr. G. Gould, the American millionaire, is worthy of more general attention than it receives.

ROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY DAYS.

WHEN the Trans-Siberian Railway is completed, in 1900, it will be possible for anyone to encircle the globe in thirty days. Over the new route the traveller can be in St. Petersburg forty-five hours after leaving London, and 250 hours will see him in Port Arthur.

A Russo-American steamship company, now in the course of formation, will land him in San Francisco seven days later, whence he can proceed via New York to London, in about ten days more. The price of the round trip ticket need not be over £80, and might be as little as £50.

READ IT IN HER EYES.

It is one of those soft, witching, moonlight nights when there is a big business done in Cupid's confessional.

"Until I met you, Adele," he murmured in a voice husky with emotion, "I believed that all women were deceitful, but when I look into your clear, beautiful eyes I behold there the very soul of candour and loyalty."

"George," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "this is the happiest moment I have known since papa took me to that Paris oculist."

"Paris oculist!"

"Yes, dear; you never would have known that my left eye is a glass one."

Then the moon went under a cloud, and George rolled over and buried his face in the moist grass.

WATCHING THE DEAD FOR A LIVING.

THE profession of undertaker is usually regarded as the most dreary, but it does not approach in its way that of the Jewish "vacher," whose duty it is to keep watch over dead bodies day and night, until they are removed for burial.

The Jews may not permit a corpse to be left alone under any circumstances, for it must be watched in order that no evil spirits take possession of it. To the relatives this watching would be a most painful task, and it would not be easy to find somebody else willing to do it; hence the necessity for men who make it their profession and earn their living entirely by means of it. Naturally not many are fitted for this work, and the profession is not overcrowded. A fee of four shillings a day and six shillings a night is the remuneration; and in a large Jewish community like that in London there is always plenty of work, and the earnings are fairly good.

A vacher is called in so soon as it is certain that death will ensue, and he stays till the funeral which usually takes place forty-eight hours after death.

As might be expected of individuals who are brought daily in contact with the dead, this watching has very little effect upon them, and even when remaining with those who have died from some infectious disease, they appear to preserve a most callous demeanour. A story is told of one, who, feeling sleepy, removed the corpse of a person who had died of typhoid fever to the floor, while he made himself comfortable for the night in the bed; and he was none the worse for it.

MRS. RAFFERTY: "Your daughter has a fine touch on the pianny."

Mrs. Moriarty: "Yis, she has a great taste for music; but thin 'tis only natural, for her grandfather had his skull opened with a cornet at a temperance fate."

A LITTLE girl recently drank a pint of paraffin oil. The doctor thought she would die, until one of her relatives hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candlewick down into the oil, lit the upper end, and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right.

AGENT: "Can't I put a burglar alarm in your house?"

Lady: "No, we don't need it."

Agent: "But—"

Lady: "No, I mean it; the family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen."

ONE cold, blustering morning in December, 1864, the tent of the late American General Mahone, who was an exceedingly thin man, was pitched on a bleak Virginia hillside. He was indulging in a morning nap, when "Uncle Davy," his negro body-servant, tiptoed in, and, stumbling over something, knocked down the General's cot and spilled him on the ground.

Springing to his feet, the irate officer seized a sword and gave chase to the flying Davy. The darkey jumped a fence, and, feeling safe, turned back towards his master, whose notably slender unclad limbs were shaking with cold, and yelled: "Good lawd, Massa William, you ain't trustin' yo' self in dis wind on dem legs, is you?"

CRICKET NOTES.

W. G. has created a useful precedent in insisting that when an injured batsman has another to run for him the latter must wear pads. It is quite conceivable that a slight injury which prevents a batsman running, instead of being a drawback, may actually be a benefit to his side, considering that a man running without pads is able to steal a far greater number of runs than a player fully equipped with the regulation armour is possibly able to do. Club cricketers would do well to follow the example set by the champion, and make it a matter of course that when a man comes in to run for another he wears the same number of pads as the player for whom he is running.

SOME sapient critics have thought well to observe that Lilley would be acting more in accordance with the ethics of modern wicket-keeping if he stood up to fast bowlers of the Richardson type. It was noticed during the England match that Lilley took up a position some way behind the stumps when the Surrey fast bowler was making the ball spin. As a matter-of-fact Lilley was doing the best possible thing under the circumstances. When standing up to the stumps it is quite impossible to make certain of taking every fast ball, especially if the wicket be at all fiery; and one would have thought that the number of catches which have been missed during the present dry season by wicket-keepers when standing up to fast bowlers would be sufficient proof that it is better to stand some way behind the sticks and accept catches than to dance about the wicket and miss them.

In these days of hard wickets the question of wicket-keeping is deserving of serious attention. To stand some yards away from the stumps puts an end to all idea of stumping, though of course there is the compensating advantage of economy in byes. What we have to consider is whether it is better for the man with the gloves to attend to his stumping duties and, perhaps, lose a number of byes; or (2) to dispense with stumping altogether, and let the wicket-keeper act in the capacity of long-stop, as many keepers are doing; or (3) arrange for the services of a long-stop in addition to those of a wicket-keeper. The number of catches missed at the wicket and the enormous number of byes which have been recorded in certain matches of late, certainly point to the conclusion that it would be better to have both a wicket-keeper at the stumps and a long-stop. In reality, the old-fashioned long-stop is one of the most useful men on the field, for, besides taking sharp tips in the slips, he is able to save many a snick to leg which would otherwise inevitably go to the boundary.

WILLIAM BROCKWELL'S splendid innings for Surrey against Sussex is a welcome sign of a really fine cricketer's return to form. Brockwell's career has been somewhat singular. Born in 1866, it was not until he had reached his twenty-sixth birthday that he achieved any distinction as a cricketer, although some years before this the Surrey Club with its usual foresight had secured him as a member of its ground staff. In 1894, however, Brockwell showed his true colours by compiling five separate centuries at the Oval, and coming out at the top of the averages at the close of the season—his figures reading 45 innings, 1,491 runs, 128 highest innings, average 38.9. In the autumn of 1894, Brockwell went out to Australia with Mr. Stoddart's team, and his play in the Colonies showed a lamentable falling off as compared with his performances in the preceding summer at home. Indeed Brockwell's visit to the Colonies seemed at one time to have robbed him of most of his skill—a slice of bad luck which, curiously enough, has happened to more than one good cricketer who has undertaken a journey to the Antipodes—seeing that last year the best he could do was to be returned with the low average of 22.33 per innings. But in spite of this temporary eclipse, Brockwell's great powers as a batsman are undeniable, and it is agreeable in every way to think that at last the popular Surrey batsman has found his true form again.

TWO CLAIMS FOR £100 PAID.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.57 p.m. on Saturday, July 25th, and 8.46 p.m. on August 1st. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half-an-hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature _____

Available until midnight, August 1st, 1896.

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PENCIL POINTS TELL THE CHARACTER.

THE very latest key to character has been discovered in the point of a pencil. A noted graphologist the other day stated that there was almost as much in the manner in which a man sharpened his pencil as there was in the formation of his letters. "For instance," he said, "take the man who habitually gives to his pencil a short, 'stumpy' point, showing but little of the lead. You will find that meanness is the key to his character. I should say that he had acquisitiveness largely developed, and that his temper would be as short as the point of his pencil. In calligraphy he would make his y's small, with short tails; and physiognomically speaking he would have a protruding underlip (which generally indicates avarice), and in walking he would not swing his arms."

"The commercial man would give his pencil a moderately long, very even and carefully sharpened point. His writing would be the sloping, business hand which everybody knows, and generally speaking he would have an even shaped head with a square chin."

"The man who gives his pencil a long, narrow, uneven point, showing much of the lead, is generous to prodigality, careless, and frequently hasty tempered. His writing is loose and uneven, and he has probably some literary ability."

"The artistic taste is shown by a long, irregular point, and finely sharpened lead. The cutting in the wood is delicate with many furrows. This kind of point shows individuality, and is open to more variations than one would suppose."

OMNIBUS ETIQUETTE.

FOR LADIES.

ALWAYS speak in a loud tone of voice in a 'bus. It attracts attention.

Never tell the conductor where you wish to get off. He is supposed to know.

Never thank the man who gives you his seat. He might think you wanted to flirt with him.

If you have three or four bundles, lay them on the seat beside you, especially if the 'bus is crowded. You will then not be crowded yourself.

Always try to stop the 'bus on the near side of the crossing. You will have to walk to the other side, and this makes a good excuse for abusing the conductor.

As an alternative, stop the 'bus half way up a steep hill. The horses enjoy the fun of starting, especially when the roads are slippery.

If the conductor carries you a yard or so beyond your destination, look daggers at him and turn up your nose. This will have a tendency to make him feel good.

Do not wait for the driver to stop before getting off, but alight with your face to the rear of the 'bus. The result will be unpleasant, but you will have shown your independence.

If you have a lady friend in the 'bus always kiss her and tell her to "be sure and call" before getting off. This gives the horses a chance to rest and pleases the conductor. This urbane official will be particularly pleased if you stop to add a choice bit of gossip to your parting admonition.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Never give up your seat to a lady unless she is young and pretty.

It is a good plan to read a newspaper. It gives you an excuse for not noticing that a lady wants a seat.

If there are any pretty girls in the 'bus stare at them hard and persistently. This has a tendency to make them feel comfortable.

Make a practice of whistling. Your travelling companions will be obliged to hear it, and they may possibly delight in listening.

Cross your legs so that they will occupy the full width of the passage. This will afford additional exercise to the conductor, who is badly in need of it.

A FRENCHWOMAN makes the naïve confession of having attended 722 balls to catch a husband, and of having caught, instead, bronchitis fourteen times, pleurisy thrice, and 120 colds in the head.

CUSTOMER: "What is the price of this material?"
Assistant: "That is two shillings a yard, madam."
Customer: "Oh, that is much too dear."
Assistant: "But it is reduced from three shillings."
Customer: "Is that so? I'll take ten yards."

It was in the tram-car, and two girls were talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right."

INSECTS THAT BRING LUCK.

AMONG the countless superstitions once so firmly believed in by a former generation, those relating to the insect world are among the most curious and interesting. Take, for example, the notion that bees, from their domestic character and pecuniary value, are interested in the affairs of the family to whom they belong.

In some districts this belief was so much an article of faith that, on the death of the master or mistress of the house, the melancholy event was made known to the little community with due ceremony. The common custom was to visit the hives, tap three times with the house key, and say: "Bees, your master is dead," a bit of craze was then put on each hive in order that the bees might share in the family mourning. If this ceremony were omitted it was believed the bees would die.

In other districts some member of the family lifted up each hive as the funeral procession left the house, from a notion that if this were not done the bees would desert the hive and seek other quarters.

Many other curious notions were associated with the busy little insects. For example, it was considered "an honour and a privilege" for strange bees to visit one's garden; but when a wild bee entered a house, it was regarded as a death warning. This belief seems akin to the old Roman idea that it was ominous for bees to settle on the top of a house or on a temple.

Everybody knows the story of King Robert Bruce and the spider, and how it is considered unlucky for anyone, especially of the name of Bruce, to kill a spider, a belief embodied in the old distich:

If you wish to live and thrive,
Let the spider run alive.

In some districts it is considered lucky to find a spider on one's clothes, the insect's presence there being held to indicate that the owner of the clothes is either to receive new garments or a sum of money.

The pretty little ladybird is associated with the folklore of love and marriage. "Seize one," runs the charm, "throw it up into the air, repeating the while:

Fly away east and fly away west;
Show me where lives the one I like best.

And the ladybird will fly straight off towards the abode of the future spouse."

In the South of England a cruel superstition condemns to death the first butterfly one sees in the early summer, from an absurd idea that this barbarous proceeding will bring luck for the rest of the year.

In bygone days the ticking of the death-watch was heard with dread, for it was held to be a sure portent of approaching dissolution. Sir Thomas Brown says: "the man who could eradicate this error from the mind of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers."

This terrible death-watch is, say those learned in natural history, only a dusky insect, about a quarter of an inch in length, with irregular brownish spots. The ticking sound is the insect's language, which, however, does not proceed from vocal organs, as it does not possess them, but simply from its custom of beating on any hard substance with the shield or forepart of its head. It is difficult to distinguish this beetle from the decaying wood it inhabits.

Another species is about a tenth of an inch long. It is also found in old wood, old furniture, and neglected books, and both male and female make a ticking noise like that of a watch, when they wish to communicate with each other.

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OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION, LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notices of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1893.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper on which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1893, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, July 24th, 1896, until Midnight, Saturday, August 1st, 1896. (See column 3, page 45.)

Don't fail to read the introduction to Mr. George Griffith's great story, "Briton or Boer?" on page 45.

The Final War.

The Story of the Great Betrayal.

BY LOUIS TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST F. SHERIE.

CHAPTER LV.
MOSTLY MATRIMONIAL.

"IRENE!"

"Yes, dear."

"What does it mean when a spider runs across the window?"

"Oh, where is he? Are you sure he is running straight across? For goodness' sake don't blow at him."

Irene Vyne came quickly from the comfortable chair in which she had been enjoying "a good read"—the first novel from Mudie's for over six months—and stood by Ethel's side to see the tiny insect, so unusual a visitor in a West-end drawing-room, rapidly scudding across the broad window-pane. He deviated neither to right nor left but travelled off towards the frame as though a nice juicy fly were well within sight and safely caught in his web.



Irene heaved a sigh of deep satisfaction.

"Really," she cried, "a somewhat close acquaintanceship with Tommy Atkins has made me superstitious, and I am so glad that this has happened."

"Well?" said Ethel. "Don't be silly, but tell me at once. I saw him first."

"It portends," said Irene, with mock seriousness, "a long journey for a dear friend, a very long journey in your case, and a shorter one in mine, and that nothing on earth will stop either from coming straight here."

Ethel looked sadly and wistfully at her friend as she heard the explanation of the spider's transit over the glass. "It may be true enough for you, dear," she said, with a slight catch in her voice, "as Teddy is within ten hours of London, but Frank is on the staff in Russia, and the Times says we will be compelled to keep an army of occupation there quite a long time, until the political settlement of the country is completed. Poor little spider! He meant well, I am sure."

"They smiled at the conceit, but they both started when they heard the doors of a hansom slammed open in front of the house, followed by a vigorous pull at the bell."

"Now, who on earth can be calling at this time of the day?" cried Irene, for it was past six o'clock.

Ethel did not answer. She had suddenly become greatly agitated, for no assignable reason. Unable to control her emotion she walked to the door of the drawing-room in order to escape from the commonplace of some casual acquaintance who might be putting in an appearance. When she opened the door she was confronted by a footman and an officer in the undress uniform of the Royal Navy.

In an instant the latter personage sprang forward and caught her in his arms, whilst the footman discreetly closed the door, and thus explained the case to Buttons in the hall: "E said as 'is syme was Commander Rodney, but 'e didn't give me a chance to say a word. They seemed to know 'im all right 'upstairs, all the syme."

Rodney did not at first perceive that Irene was in the room. Her eyes had filled with tears at the knowledge that her friend's happiness was now complete, for this was the first meeting of the lovers since that memorable night at the Paris Embassy when Frank had been compelled to forego his waltz, and could not even wait to say "Good-bye."

She discreetly gazed at the window, trying to find that thrice blessed spider again, and she only turned in response to Rodney's cordial greeting.

"I have been sent home overland with dispatches," he explained. "I was obliged to go straight to the Admiralty and War Office, and came on here at the earliest moment without even waiting to change my clothes. But surely you knew I was coming?" he continued, turning to Ethel.

"Not until I opened the door, and you—how could you be so ridiculous before the footman?" and she blushed so prettily that Frank nearly became ridiculous again.

"But I wired to you from Vienna, thirty hours ago."

"I never got it."

They were speculating upon the probable cause of the mysterious loss of the telegram when a knock at the door elicited a "Come in" from Irene.

The door opened gently, there was a discreet cough, and the footman entered, his action causing the three occupants of the room to laugh heartily. He was far too well trained a servant to even smile. He solemnly approached Irene and said:

"There's a telegram, milady, which nobody knows 'oo it's for, and will you please to open it, milady."

The buff envelope was addressed to "Ethel, Grosvenor Square, London," and the same address appeared in type-written characters within. It was undoubtedly Rodney's message, for which the Post-office officials could find no lucid explanation until an unusually smart postman remembered that there was a Miss Ethel Harington staying at Lord Vyne's residence in the square.

Frank vowed that he wrote the full name and number of the house, but no one believed him, and, if anything, his sweetheart thought more of the error than of its possible explanation. His thoughts must surely have been very full of her if he believed that the Austrian telegraph

operator at Vienna would be sufficiently enlightened by this vague description.

When the precious telegram had been safely stowed away in Ethel's purse, Frank said: "By-the-way, where is your brother?"

"He's in Paris, and Irene hasn't had a letter from him for two days."

"Well, this is the second day," grudgingly admitted Irene, "and I won't find him guilty until after to-night's post."

They were so busily engaged in talking that none of them heard the advent of another new arrival, nor, in the growing dusk, did they notice the door open.

This time the footman was prepared for eventualities.

The moment he turned the handle he exclaimed quite pompously, "Major Harington." Irene's chair fell over, so quickly did she spring from it, and the footman was able to impart delicious confidences to Buttons for a second time: "They're 'avin' a fair beano 'upstairs, I can tell you," he concluded with grinning emphasis.

Lady Vyne, good soul, had been indulging in a quiet nap before dinner, and her astonishment was great when she reached the drawing-room, whilst her lordship soon returned to dinner from his club and heartily welcomed the wanderers, especially Rodney, whose long absence rendered his unexpected return all the more delightful.

Harington had been offered a short leave by Lord Roberts, and, of course, eagerly availed himself of the favour. But in a little while, he explained, all the British troops now quartered in France would be quietly sent home. Indeed he hoped to be permanently back in town within a month.

Why he and Irene should look at each other when he said this, and why everybody else should laugh when they both blushed at being caught, no one troubled to explain.

But the incident set Rodney thinking, and the result of his cogitations became apparent a little later when, in a quiet corner of the drawing-room he asked Ethel to marry him in November.

"I can't possibly be ready," she protested.

"Not even if there's an opportunity for a double wedding?" he said.

"I am quite sure Irene won't be married until early next year," she whispered, "but—but—if she agrees for November I will agree too."

Now, as both girls had debated the question many times from every possible point of view, and had already determined that a double wedding in November was absolutely within the bounds of even the dressmaker's limited imagination, it will be seen that there was not much need for the many and convincingly ingenious arguments used by their suitors before the date was finally fixed.

But such are the ways of women, and they are pleasant ways withal.

So it came to pass that after a brilliant ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square, which was attended among many other representatives of rank and fashion, by the Duke of Sussex, and the Earl of Tramore—few will recognise Lord Wolsley and Lord Roberts by those titles—Major and Lady Irene Harington and Commander and Mrs. Rodney drove back to the well-remembered house in Grosvenor Square to attend a very lively, not to say uproarious, wedding-breakfast.

By a little kindly arrangement made by the authorities it was not until the meal was well advanced that letters were handed to the two ladies announcing that her Majesty had been pleased to bestow upon them the insignia of the order of the Royal Red Cross for their services with the field hospital in France, and at the same time the War Office and Admiralty announced to Harington and Rodney that they were respectively gazetted Colonel and Post Captain.

They set forth on their wedding tours almost at the same moment, Irene and her husband to pass a quiet honeymoon



in Yorkshire, whilst Ethel and Frank started for Paris and Egypt, as Mrs. Rodney would not be content until she had seen with her own eyes the exact locality where her sailor lover had blown up the Suez Canal.

By a singular coincidence they joined the *Peninsular* at Brindisi, and it was from the deck of that fine steamer whilst passing through the canal that Rodney pointed out to his wife the spot where he had succeeded in inflicting upon the allied nations the most damaging blow struck at them during the opening period of the war.

In the bar parlour of the "Cat and Anchor" at Catford a goodly company of cyclists assemble nightly to discuss old stories and new tyres. The conversation ranges from reminiscences of the great fights in the Seine Valley to the latest record established by the club. But never a race along the Ripley road can compare in interest with the spintaken by the Catford Cyclist Corps from Vernon to Beuil.

The perpetual president of the club is Major William Briggs, who retired from the Army with Her Majesty's permission to retain his rank and uniform. He plays his magnificent part with unassuming dignity. The one story he never tells, but which is often told of him for the edification of admiring juniors, is the record of his adventure with the Zouaves, and how he preferred to look into the Valley of the Shadow rather than save his life by treachery.

The gallant Major is vastly improved in manner and appearance. He bears upon him the stamp of a man who has deserved well of his country by responsible and noble deeds, and it is rumoured that his business as a cycle manufacturer has become extremely profitable since his return home.



At Worthing, Colonel Perkins was unanimously chosen as Mayor for the succeeding year. Now that the alarms of war were over his good wife resolved that the new-born greatness of her husband would not permit of his personal attendance to the small details of a drapery establishment. It was obvious that the British Leonidas, the man who struck the first and most determined blow at the enemies of England, could not be expected to measure yards of calico or receive mysterious confidences as to the material for linings. So the shop, which thrived amazingly, was handed over to an experienced manager, and Colonel and Mrs. Perkins with the children removed to a larger house in the fashionable West.

It was difficult to know how to recompense adequately the services which Mr. Thompson had rendered to the nation by the invention of his marvellous electric rifle.

There could not be the slightest doubt that by its aid alone Paris had been captured, and the capture of Paris meant the immediate cessation of the war, which must otherwise have dragged on its weary length for weeks, if not for months. What this meant, from the mere financial aspect, will be realised when it is remembered that the joint expenditure of Great Britain and the United States upon the maintenance of troops and ships in active service was estimated at £2,500,000 sterling daily.

When approached on the subject, Mr. Thompson himself emphatically repudiated any idea of receiving more than a modest reward for his work and he named an amount which, whilst ridiculously small, would in his opinion suffice for the needs of himself and his family.

The matter however came before Parliament and a proposal was made that as it was understood to be her Majesty's intention to confer a baronetcy upon the famous inventor, the nation must give him the means of maintaining his new position with dignity and ease. It was consequently resolved that as the expense of manufacturing the apparatus and preparing the rifles had already been borne departmentally, Sir Henry Thompson should receive a bonus of £2 for each weapon supplied to the troops engaged in the attack upon the French capital.

In other words he received £200,000, which was exactly twenty times as much as he had asked for.

Peyton and de Vismes, the heroes of the ride through the pass, both received promotion and the Victoria Cross. For his subsequent services in organising the successful attack upon the Central Asian Railway, Colonel W. J. Peyton was gazetted a K.C.S.I. The native comrades of the two British Officers were also rewarded by the Government of India with a generosity that evoked the liveliest approval in every cavalry bazaar from Peshawar to Tuticorin.

When Colonel Ritchie and his charming wife arrived in New York, en route from London to San Francisco, they were met by two tug-boats full of interviewers, and were compelled to hold a series of brilliant receptions in the Waldorf Hotel to afford their numerous friends and innumerable admirers an opportunity of congratulating the famous leader of cavalry upon the many splendid achievements which his audacious originality had rendered possible to the troops of the United States.

The chief railway companies running to the west competed for the honour of supplying a special train to convey Colonel and Mrs. Ritchie and their friends to the Golden Gate, but in each case the invitation contained a polite hint that the journey would not be performed within sixty hours. Those fourteen ruined engines still loomed large in the memory of American railway men.



In San Francisco, of course, the party came in for a State ovation, and the last news to hand of the gallant Colonel is that he has been cordially commanded to fill an honoured place on board the Hohenzollern when that distinguished yacht next bears her Imperial master to Cowes.

And thus the curtain drops upon the chief actors of this drama of to-morrow, whilst the stage is cleared for the superb spectacle of a world free from bloodshed and rapine and famine.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE DESTINY OF THE RACE.

So Peace ruled: not that sullen silence which harbours in its breast poisonous passions, but a peace such as the world had never known, deep, eternal and serene.

In this last mad eruption the evil genius of war had exhausted itself and humanity had cast it forth as a noisome thing to be tolerated no more. The Saxon race for a moment held the world in fee. But it was only to give to the nations abiding rest, to soothe ambition, to repair injustice, to mete out to all freedom before the law of justice.

Such a vision of a new world and of a new age had Tennyson. Was this the consummation of the poet's dream? Had mankind progressed—

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World?

There was no room for scepticism in that noble mind. For in the same breath he wrote:

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Did not Shelley also sing in tones of triumphant prophecy:

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return.

This surely was the "newer Hellas" that he saw, the Hellas of a world completely free. And yet not from countries of romance, lands where warm blood keeps fresh the passion of poetry, did the miracle come. It was from the race dedicated to commerce; the sturdy, unimaginative, practical people whose home, first set in the little island of Great Britain, spread forth to a new continent in the West, and then broadened out till it covered the earth and sea.

Such is the destiny of race. Three empires has the world known. Transient tyrannies have swept across it, and in the dark background of time there loom gigantic shadows of strange dynasties covering the earth with their power. Of them history has no word to say. But since man's life became clear and intelligible there have been but three preponderant races, each representing a cosmic force and taking its place in the due development of the destiny of humanity.

First came the Greek, the strong, sensuous being who gave order to chaos, who wrested from its bondage the perfect life of man. His was the rule of Art, that great force which gives each thing its place and finds for each a use, which cuts off the civilised from the barbarous, which carves the rich doorway to the Temple of the Ideal. Greece gave to mankind its implements—its faith, its yearnings, its strength: and in doing so exhausted herself.

There was the Roman, the man of action, not the dreamer of Hellas, not wrapped in the sensuous charms of art, but the strenuous builder of empire. It was the destiny of Rome to found the great doctrines of jurisdiction, to give law to the nations. Here was a civil, not an æsthetic strength. As her great poet has in noble verses propounded:

Others, I know it well,
The breathing bronze will clasp,
And from the death-white marble
Upcall the living face,
Will plead with eloquence not thine,
Will mete and reap the skies,
And with the voice of science tell
When stars will set and rise,
'Tis thine, O Rome, to rule:
This mission ne'er forego,—
To spare in war the vanquished
And bring the haughty low.

She ruled by virtue of impartial Law, by the just principles which brought all peoples willingly to her feet. And yet even Law was not enough to bring a lasting empire. Others arose who also knew her Law, and from her nerveless grasp snatched the sceptre of her dominion. And in a day the empire of Rome melted away before the vigorous Northmen.

Now has taken up the tale the third overwhelming dynasty that the world has known. The new empire is that of the Saxon race. Art and Law had had their day; there followed the dominance of science.

The nations had learnt the lessons of beauty, and knew how to disfigure them; had caught the message of Law, and knew how to abuse it. But Nature has her revenge, and as the earth opened out before the pioneer, and discovery narrowed the great continent of Europe, and brought its peoples into active rivalry, it became clear that the new empire was not one of orb and sceptre—not the annexation of countries, and the absorption of alien races. It was to be an empire of another, a subtler, a more enduring, a more resistless kind.

For the message which science gave the world was that that race alone would conquer in the struggle for existence which showed greatest adaptability, which could easiest accommodate itself to the countless variations of earth's wayward moods. It was the cruel law of the survival of the fittest. There was need of some versatile people who feared no change of climate or contradiction of condition, for whom heat and cold, desert and fertile land, sea and plain, peace and

war, luxury and indigence, struggle and ease were alike—whose temperament had infinite degrees passing from sanguine heat to phlegmatic torpor. For such a race the earth lay open, offering its dominion.

Here lay the tragedy of less fortunate peoples—more blessed, perhaps, in rich qualities of heart—more developed, it might be, in gentle graces and warm emotions—but forced, after all, to pay the penalty of their very virtues.

Life is eternal action and re-action, and from the being who rejoices in a nervous temperament which leads him to the pleasant paths of art, she sucks the virile vigour which should nourish and sustain. It is the fate of the Celt. He exhausts himself in the passion of life and scatters his years from him in each gust of self-abandonment. He is the invalid amongst men, the sick person, incapable of continued effort, needing all that luxury can give and yielding himself to dreams and visions and things impalpable.

Nor is the more vigorous people of romance, that northern people, fitted for the struggle. For romance plays too great a part in its life. Its character is weakened by sensuousness, and its vision dulled by speculation. It may be led to victory, it cannot take itself to the goal. For in this new empire it needs that each and every man shall himself be leader. It must be a nation of pioneers.

This, then, is the mission of the Saxon race—slowly but surely to pour itself over the earth, to absorb the nations, to bring to pass that wonderful dream of a world united in a single family and speaking a common speech.

How rich the blood, how noble the inheritance of Britain! She has the stern indomitable defiance of the Saxon, the strenuousness of the Celt, the romantic genius of the Teuton. She is both actor and dreamer. Her poets have dwelt beside the founders of her empire. Reckless of danger, amorous of what is new, versatile in action, ready in resource, fertile beyond the ingenuity of chance, adaptable to all changes of climate and modes of life, at home in ice-bound regions and beneath the equatorial sun, carrying with her the capacity of empire, the power to rule, and obstinate in the attainment of her desire, she is bound by no limit of race, no dimension of geography.

And thus she early found her power. She has led the world in all its noblest struggles. Whilst other nations groaned in kingly servitude, she was already free. Her battle of liberty was fought before the hope of freedom dawned in Europe. Her conscience refused that allegiance to sacerdotalism which drenched the Continent with blood; and her reformation, long premeditated, came, if not without the agony of struggle, still gently and without excess. Her Parliament at almost the dawn of her history gave equal laws, disputed with kings, and drove out tyrants. Her press was free, her speech unrestrained. And as she battled ever for freedom, so she gave herself to the passionate pursuit of knowledge, to the mysteries of philosophy, to the sublime teaching of science. Thus, armed with all that discovery could yield her and owing allegiance only to herself, she poured her sons over the earth and upon the seas, and in remote regions founded another empire. America arose—that second England—new home of the Saxon race, and heir to her aspirations and her destiny—America which developed a new type of being, more versatile still, and still more strenuous. And the impulse went on, giving life to Canada, peopling the vast continent of Australia, carrying civilised arts to mysterious Africa, to venerable India, and on every continent, in every sea, stamping itself in eternal characters.

And how could such a race be resisted? For, wherever it penetrated it did not languish under conditions unfavourable to its growth. With miraculous ease the Saxon remodelled himself to obey every variation of climate, every manner of sky, every form of life, till it became clear that he was no fixed irrevocable type, but of plastic mould, responsive to the slightest touch, and reproducing himself in a hundred different shapes. The Saxon is content wherever he is; the instinct of his blood tells him that the earth is his home, and that his spirit must inform the nations and regenerate decaying peoples. Commerce bent itself to Britain and all peoples entrusted to her their possessions. The Saxon tongue has become the speech of the world, the Saxon ensign—whether British or American—is the flag of the seas.

Thus, as life becomes more complex and harder grows the struggle, there is no escape for peoples not fitted to bear its strain, and the Saxon race will absorb all and absorb all, reanimating old civilisations and giving new vigour to exhausted nations. England and America—their destiny is to order and rule the world, to give it peace and freedom, to bestow upon it prosperity and happiness, to fulfil the responsibilities of an all-devouring people: wisely to discern and generously to bestow.

This vision—far-off may-be—already dawns: and in the glory of its celestial light is the peace of nations.

THE END.

[IMPORTANT.—This novel will be published shortly in book form. Handsomely bound in cloth, and fully illustrated, the price will be 6s.]

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ABSORBED.

THE young man who writes verses was standing out in the night gazing at the sky when a friend ran across him:

"What are you doing? Studying astronomy?"

"Go away and don't disturb me. I am gazing into infinite distance."

"I don't see what satisfaction you find in that."

"That's because you never had any experience with editors. You don't know what a comfort it is to find some place where nothing is crowded out for lack of space."

MEN WHO WORK ABOVE THE WORLD.

"It's a good business—a pretty business, if nothing happens," said a steeple-jack, speaking of his profession, which obliged him to repair a "chimney-top" two or three hundred feet from the ground. The steeple-jack's ability to keep his head and his feet while working on a "top," which is a ledge three feet wide, between abysses three hundred feet deep is a gift. Charles Waterton, the naturalist and traveller, had the gift and would have adorned the profession—the only one into which men do not drift.

When on a visit to Rome he determined to rival the feats of the Italian climbers who yearly scaled the dome of St. Peter's and the pinnacles of the castle of St. Angelo to illuminate their summits on the feast of St. Peter. Eighty men used to climb the dome on two successive nights, and the boldest completed the spectacle by crowning the cross with a waving torch of fire. Each night's show was said, on the average, to cost a man's life. Waterton scaled the dome by daylight and left his glove upon the vane.

Ordinary people standing on a narrow ledge whence they can see down two or three hundred feet, are so appalled by the danger of falling that their nerves give way, their bodies flinch, and there comes, to some at least, an impulse to end the mental strain by a leap into the gulf. But the steeple-jack is indifferent to height and proximity to the abyss. His imagination is unaffected by the menace of the surrounding depth. Nothing seems to disconcert him—a fact illustrated by the following anecdotes:

A steeple-jack employed entirely alone to mend a tall chimney-top in the Ardwick suburb of Manchester, used to ascend leisurely every morning about ten o'clock, at an hour when "merchants most do congregate," and when up, after surveying the gathered spectators, would further gratify them by standing on his head on the bare top of the two hundred and fifty feet shaft.

The coolness and resource of these men were never better shown than in a case which happened in the north a few years ago. A steeple-jack had flown his kite over a chimney, and subsequently drawn himself up to the top. He was just beginning his inspection of the work when by some mishap he dropped his rope and was left, like St. Simeon Stylites, alone on his pillar.

Attempts were made to fly another kite over him, but the wind had dropped. There were iron ladders inside the chimney, but the fires would have had to be drawn and the chimney let cool for hours.

The steeple-jack was then seen to unlace one of his boots, take off the long stocking generally worn by workmen, and set to work carefully to unravel it, knotting the pieces of yarn together when necessary.

He then fastened a stone to the end, plumbd the depth, picked the other stocking to pieces, and added it to the first length of yarn and let it down far enough to meet a tall ladder, from which he drew up, first a piece of strong string, next a rope, and then, after completing his inspection of the chimney-top, lowered himself to the ground.

MADGE: "I always select tragic stories for hot weather reading."

Mabel: "On what principle, dear?"

Madge: "They make my blood run cold."

JOHNNY: "I don't want to go in bathing now, papa."

Papa: "Why not?"

Johnny: (pointing to the surf): "Somebody else has been in and hasn't emptied their soapuds out yet."

FICTION.

AN ARCADIAN FLIRTATION.

"It's very odd, dear Chloe, to me,"
Said Corydon one day,
"That I should always Strephon see
Whenever I come this way."

"You tell me that you like him not,
But it seems very queer
That he should always be about
Whenever I'm not here."

"Oh, silly, silly, Corydon,"
Chloe answered in a minute;
"You know you are the only one,
And Strephon isn't in it."

"Nay, nay, I will not be cajoled,
I'll leave you unto Strephon,
He's welcome to a flirt so bold—"
And exit Corydon.

Then up rose Strephon where he lay
Behind a knoll of grass,
And said, "Good-bye, I will not stay
To court you, fickle lass."

So like the dog who wanted both
The shadow and the bone,
Chloe wanted lovers two, forsooth,
So she was left alone.

L'ENVOI.

To have two strings unto your bow
Is quite the proper thing,
But it is hard to keep, dear Chloe,
Two beaux upon a string.

TAKING NO CHANCES.—Somehow she felt that he had come with his mind made up to propose. She was as certain of it as she would have been if he had told her, and consequently she amused herself by teasing him for half-an-hour before she let him have a chance to come to the point.

And then he balked. She couldn't understand it. She knew that he was on the verge of asking her to be his wife, but he didn't put the question. He became suddenly very ill at ease and nervous, and sheered off every time they got anywhere near the subject that was uppermost in the mind of each.

She looked at him soulfully, and he returned the look, but that was as far as he went. She sighed and he sighed, but he didn't put his hopes and wishes into words. She became pensive and romantic, and talked of the loneliness of a woman or girl who had no strong arm to lean upon as she walked through life, but it did not bring an avowal from his lips.

She feared that she had played with him too long, and had, possibly, lost him; but at last he spoke.

"Shall we go out into the garden?" he asked. She knew, although he did not, that there were others in the garden, and she pleaded that she was afraid of the night air.

He looked about the room anxiously, but seemed to find nothing that gave him any hope. He seemed to be despondent, but in a measure determined.

"Mabel," he said at last, speaking very softly. "Yes," she returned, endeavouring not to show her agitation.

"There is something I wish very much to say to you." She looked down at the toes of her boots and said nothing.

He came over to her and took her hand. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "if you will take that blamé parrot out of the room, I'll tell you what it is."

Then she understood why he had been so nervous, and the parrot was put where he could not overhear and repeat what might be said.

A PARISIAN DUEL.

CHAPTER I.

"Snake!"
"Viper!"
"Worm!"
"Toad!"

These epithets were hissed forth in front of the Hotel Continental, by the Marquis de Chambeau and Count Roux, who had just come from successive interviews with Miss Virginia Tucson, the Arizona heiress. Both had been rivals for the position of her steady company since her arrival in Paris, and it had been predicted more than once that if they should meet there would be trouble. It will be seen from the above exchange of courtesies that the prediction was correct. Of course, there could be only one result of the meeting.

CHAPTER II.

As the first rays of the sun lighted up the stained-glass windows of the Convent of St. Malachy, in a Parisian suburb, the duellists took their places on the sward just beyond the convent grove. Neither showed

a sign of flinching as the seconds, in the cheerful way usual to their kind, handed them the pistols. The Marquis threw away a half-finished cigarette as he took his weapon, and the Count actually yawned as he made his final preparations for the ordeal.

"Ready!" cried one of the seconds. Just then the golden peal of the convent bell came through the trees, suggesting peace and prayer. Their fingers were on the triggers, and their eyes fixed in a steady gaze on each other.

"One!"
"Two!"
"Three!"
"Fire!"

Two reports rang out simultaneously—they always do in stories of duels. Before the smoke had cleared away, the seconds and the surgeons turned to the carriages. The Marquis took a step in the same direction, but stopped suddenly and cried out in a horror-stricken voice:

"Look! the Count! What is the matter with him?" All rushed to the spot where the Count stood, but before they reached him he sank to the earth.

"What has happened?" they cried in a chorus. "Treachery!" hissed the Count. "That other pistol was loaded, and I have a bullet in my shoulder."

"Impossible!" shouted the Marquis. "We were all present last night when blank cartridges were put into the pistols. You must have been struck by some stray missile."

"No, it was a bullet," persisted the Count. "Examine the wound."

The surgeon's examination showed that the Count was right, but as both seconds vowed that the Marquis had not touched the weapons till he came on the field, the charge of treachery, so far as it concerned him, was withdrawn, and the party returned to the city very much frightened over the catastrophe, and determined to find the explanation of it.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning both duellists received letters worded alike. Here is one of them:

MY DEAR MARQUIS.—I heard yesterday afternoon that you and Count Roux were going to have a fight all out me, and having heard how French duels are fought, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to be made the laughingstock of Arizona by having a couple of Frenchmen firing off blank cartridges about me. Out where I come from, when men fight they fight, and don't monkey. I am a lone girl and have my reputation to protect, so settled that if you fellows were going to shoot at each other somebody would have a chance to get hurt, anyhow. How I got hold of the pistols last night I don't have to tell you. A little money goes a long way among servants here. It is enough to say that I fixed the barkers all right. Hoping that nobody got hurt very badly, and that you will not blame me for protecting my reputation, I am, yours truly,

VIRGINIA TUCSON.

P.S.—I will be on my way home when you receive this.—V.T.

ADAM had a blessing that outweighed all other glory; no man could say to his pet joke: "I always liked that story."

An innocent little machine for sewing on buttons is bitterly denounced by womankind as a wicked abomination, and another subtle and vicious device for the abatement of matrimony.

MISTRESS: "Have you answered the door, Bridget?"
Bridget (savagely and feeling her head): "Not exactly, mum; but Oi spoke to it jist now, whin Oi cracked my head against it."

A MAN has applied for a patent for a fountain pen, which, by the pressure of the thumb on a small rubber ball, will project a stream of ink through the holder, and into the face of the person who is looking over your shoulder while you are writing.

VALUABLE PRIZES.

Another Telegram Competition.

It is a remarkable fact, as I mentioned last week, that few people can condense their ideas sufficiently to express themselves clearly in the space that an ordinary sixpenny telegram permits.

Suppose then that the answer to Question 3097 (published elsewhere in this issue) were of vital importance and it was necessary to convey the gist of it by telegram, and granting that four words were required for the address and signature, what is the best summary that could be made with the remaining eight words? A PRIZE OF GENTLEMAN'S SILVER WATCH, or a GOLD HALF-HUNTER if the winner is a lady, is offered to the reader whose telegram is considered the best.

Any number of attempts may be sent by each competitor but with each attempt a postal order for 1s. must be inclosed on behalf of the F.A.F. Envelopes to be marked "TELEGRAM." The watches are guaranteed for five years by the maker, Mr. H. E. PECK, of Ludgate Hill.

FACTS.

THE cost of a London four-wheeled cab is from £70 to £80, that of a hansom about £70.

PLATINUM wires have been drawn so fine that two of them twisted together could be inserted in the hollow of a human hair.

INDIARUBBER has been generally considered absolutely water-tight, but experiments with a hermetically sealed rubber bottle of water show that it is not.

AN army surgeon suggests that where fear of "the seemingly dead being buried alive" exists, a bottle of chloroform be buried with the corpse, in order that its fumes may prevent a return to consciousness and a realising sense of the horrors of being immured in a coffin beneath the ground.

AMONG the Turks, bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. Should it be withheld she has only to go before the Cadi and turn her slipper upside down, and if the complaint be not then redressed it is a ground for divorce.

A BELGIAN journalist thinks that a good way of increasing the revenue would be to lay a tax upon moustaches. He calculates that there are 2,000,000 Belgians who would not part with their moustaches for a paltry ten francs, and that the revenue would thus be augmented by 20,000,000 francs a year.

AN exceedingly quaint, and by no means onerous, office was that of a "Dog-whipper," whose special duty it was to drive out any species of the canine breed which happened to have strayed into the church during divine service. Even so late as 1856 a certain Mr. Pickard was appointed dog-whipper of Exeter Cathedral.

To detect oleomargarine from genuine butter a small portion of each is melted in proper receptacles, in which common cotton wicks are inserted and lighted. These will burn freely. The odour of the smoke arising from the oleomargarine is repulsive and nauseating, while that from the butter is faint and inoffensive.

IF you should happen to come across a penny-piece bearing on it the letter H, you may know that it is one of those made by Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, the proprietors of the Birmingham mint. This firm was founded by the man who invented the hot shot used at the siege of Gibraltar, and so saved the fortress.

A GERMAN paper says that five years ago it was considered very satisfactory if 500 to 800 incandescent lamps were made per day with 100 horse power; but to-day, says the ELECTRICAL WORLD, it is possible with ten horse power and fifty workmen to manufacture over 2,000 incandescent lamps per day and pack them for shipment.

It is not generally known that the remains of all the Tsars of Russia since Peter the Great lie in a Memorial Chapel built on one of the Islands of the Neva. All the cenotaphs are exactly alike, each being a block of white marble without any decoration whatever. The only distinction by which each one is marked is the name of the deceased Emperor.

A LADY who recently returned from Egypt brought with her a terra-cotta figure of a cat which she saw with her own eyes dug out of the ruins of Karnac. She paid a good price for it, and was delighted with her purchase. Unfortunately the other day it was knocked down and smashed. Its head was then found to be stuffed with old numbers of the BIRMINGHAM POST.

THE paper for printing Bank of England notes is dampened with water in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. The ink used in the plate printing is made of Frankfort black, which is composed of the charcoal of the tendrils and husks of the German grape, ground with linseed oil. The ink has a peculiar and deep shade of black, common black inks being tinted either with blue or brown.

EVERY bee carries his market basket round his hind legs. Anyone examining the body of a bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tips so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it, after a successful journey, he will cram enough pollen to last him for two or three days.

A CURIOUS defect has been discovered in Budapest's underground railway. There are not enough ventilating apertures in the tunnel, and the trains rushing through it compress the air in it like that in the tube of a pneumatic gun. On some occasions the cars have been lifted from the track, and the passengers have been almost suffocated. One stretch of tunnel, two miles long, has only a single ventilating aperture, making it almost an air-tight compartment.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to August 25th, 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 39.

General Manager for the
Ocean Accident and
Guarantee Corporation,
Ltd.

Wm. T. Paul

DANGERS OF HAIR-DYEING.

THE effects of hair-dye are more injurious than is, perhaps, generally known. It is frequently responsible for headaches, nervousness and general debility, and in some cases has been known to induce a form of hysteria which has fatally affected the patient, and been the foundation of a lifelong disease.

In one case which came under the notice of a celebrated West-end doctor, hair-dye produced a most distressing melancholia. The patient, who was a lady of some celebrity, sank gradually under the effects, and it was only by drastic measures—frequent bathing and violent gymnastics—that she eventually recovered.

Many doctors are of the opinion that hair-dye has a deteriorating effect on the brain, and in Paris one of the principal insurance offices has refused to insure people who dye their hair.

£1,000,000 FOR FLOWERS.

THE sums that Londoners spend in flowers, incredulous as it seems, amounts to considerably over £1,000,000 every year.

Thousands of pounds are spent on decoration, and it is no uncommon thing for £500 or £800 to be laid out in flowers at a single reception, and in some cases the floral decorations for one evening have cost £1,000, and even £1,500.

At the Duke of Marlborough's wedding 30,000 sprays of lilies of the valley were used for the embellishment of the church; and when Lord Rosebery was married (which ceremony took place in March, one of the worst months for flowers) 10,000 white roses were used in decorations.

At a ball given in Covent Garden last year 2,000 plants of lilies of the valley were imported from the South of France at the cost of two shillings a dozen sprays; and at one of the balls given by the late Colonel North when he first came to England as the "Nitrate King" the flowers used cost £10,000.

THOMAS MAKES A BAD MISTAKE.

WHEN Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of white mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early winter and the state of the roads, and then asked:

"Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah, um!" said the gentleman as he moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the waggon-cover: "Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a big cavity in these figures to be filled with water!"

BESIEGING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN 1738 the Lords had decided by an unanimous vote to clear their gallery of what they were pleased to call its "crowd of unnecessary auditors," and to reserve it solely for members of the other House.

To test the validity of this decision, a troop of dames, which comprised the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmorland, Lady Archibald Hamilton, and was led by the lively Duchess of Queensbury, presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning. Sir William Sanderson, who kept that door, and whose wife was one of the besiegers, explained that, by order of the Lord Chancellor, they could not be admitted. The Queensbury party, "piqued at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, desired Sir William to let them up privately." Sir William swore a round oath he would do no such thing. The Duchess swore quite as roundly that she would get in in spite of him, and the Lord Chancellor to boot. She and her troop "stood till five . . . playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, with so much violence that the speakers within could scarce be heard." But the doors remained shut.

Then the besiegers lay low. There was a great calm. It lasted half-an-hour. The Chancellor naively concluded that the siege had been raised. He ordered the doors to be thrown open for the Commons. In rushed his fair foes, and filled up all the front seats. There they sat, till eleven, when the House rose, making their presence felt, "not only by smiles and winks, which have always been allowed, but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt, which is supposed to be the true reason why Lord Hervey spoke miserably."

NEW AND STRANGE.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

A SPECIAL mouthpiece for public telephones is being introduced in Germany, with the object of avoiding the spread of diseases carried by condensed moisture of the breath. A pad, or a large number of discs of paper, with a hole in the middle, is inserted in the mouthpiece; and the upper disc of paper is torn off after every conversation.

EVERY luxury is found on trains which cover a long distance except ample bathing accommodation. This deficiency is now to be supplied on American expresses. A regular bathing car has been invented which has a double row of little rooms running from end to end. Hot water is provided from the engine, and each little cabin has the necessary apparatus for a shower bath.

THE "X" rays are to be used in the detection of the adulteration of food. Without entering into the subject fully, it may be said that butter is the least transparent of the fats, and margarine the most transparent, that transparency in wines decreases with the increase in the amount of sugar, and that adulterations of spices with earth, ochre, etc., or flour with chalk are easily recognised.

THE attempt to protect corn grain from birds by coating the seed with tar has not proved an unmitigated success, owing to the tar making the seeds stick together and coating them unevenly. M. Neville, however, has modified the plan, with better results. He dilutes the tar with pure petroleum and adds a quantity of boiling water, and thus obtains a solution which answers the original purpose in a most satisfactory manner.

A CURIOUS phenomenon, first discovered by M. Charles Margot, was shown in a modified form recently by Professor Roberts-Anstien. An electric current was sent through an aluminum wire, raising it to a temperature of 400 degrees above its melting point. Strange to say, it did not fall, the film of the oxide on its surface holding it intact. In this condition it was attracted, owing to the current within it, by a magnet, and by careful manipulation could be made to tie itself into a knot.

MESSES. ANDREW WILSON AND FERGUSON, of 126, Union Street, Glasgow, are the patentees of a new fork the prongs of which curl up in the most cunning manner at the ends. Exactly why they do this I cannot say. The theory is that it enables one to convey food to one's mouth more gracefully and without running any risk of it slipping off on its own account en route. But in practice the ordinary fork seems to answer its purpose admirably except when it comes to chivving the pig of an orange round a plate.

MR. EPHRAIM TAYLOR is the patentee of a catch-and-kill mousetrap, which is likely to be sought after. It is simple enough to bait and set a trap, but when the little villain is captured and peers at you through the wires of its cage with those tiny, bead-like eyes, which are so pathetic, one feels inclined to retire to a dark corner and let it loose again. To drown a mouse one must have the mortal terror and the inborn antagonism of a woman, or else possess a heart of stone. But if this new trap works effectually, the mouse as it nibbles releases a sort of guillotine, and instantaneous death ought to be certain. The inventor's address is Central Works, Blakey Moor, Blackburn.

THE following paragraph will be of interest only to commercial travellers, and other readers may as well skip it and proceed to the next. All the railway companies in the British Isles are now issuing cheap tickets to commercial travellers who wish to return to their homes at the week end. In order to prove that they are *bona fide* travellers they will be required to carry a certificate of their employer, containing the traveller's photograph and signature, and with commendable smartness the "Facile" Speciality Company (Kensington Chambers, Simmons Street, Blackburn) have produced neat cases for the reception of the photograph and containing the skeleton form of a certificate for employers to fill in when required.

Few things are more surprising than the failure of inventors to produce a non-slipping horseshoe. This failure is an expensive one. Every wet day in London the number of accidents, owing to the slippery state of the streets, is extraordinary, and besides actual damage there is the suffering of the horse and the fright of those who are brought down with it to be taken into consideration. In America, however, some success has been achieved by making shoes with a strip of tan embedded in the front, and a modification of this idea will shortly be tried over here. This invention consists of a mass of tarred rope laid on a metal plate, the edges of the tarred rope being firmly held between the hoof and the shoe.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CRAMP?

VIOLINISTS are affected both in the fingers of the left hand and the hand that holds the bow. Clarinet players get cramp of the tongue, and flute players get cramp in the larynx. Writers' cramp is chiefly confined to copyists. . . . Telegraphists suffer very often, and they call it "loss of the grip." Tailors get cramp in the legs as well as the hands. Smiths and carpenters get what is called "hammer-cramp," resulting from the enormous number of blows struck. It is estimated that a forger of knives and scissors strikes 28,000 blows every day!

Drivers get cramp in the hand, especially in the case of those who break in hard-mouthed horses, or who drive four-in-hands. Cigar-makers, watchmakers, photographers, auctioneers, sawyers, billiard-players, dentists, turners, stampers, weavers, painters, money-counters, and ballet dancers all suffer from their own peculiar cramps, and often so severely that they have to exchange their employment for some other.

From carefully-drawn statistics a Paris member of the Academy of Medicine concludes that the increasing number of patients, mostly young girls, suffering from such disease as chlorosis, neurosis, and neurasthenia, is directly attributable to the piano.

A PROBLEM NO ONE CAN SOLVE.

"I AM an old man," he said slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men who have lived as long as I have, for there's very little in this world that I oughtn't to know that I don't know; but there is one thing I don't know, and I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more or less."

"What's that?" interrupted the young man, who is, but a beginner.

"Well, my son, it's this; I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at three o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his latch-key in his pocket, he can ring the bell, and thump the door, and throw pebbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighbourhood, and keep on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more, before he wakes anybody in the house; but if he gets there at the same time and has his latch-key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as quietly as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as the dew falls, and creeps upstairs in his bare feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning everybody in the house is asking him what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and if he must come in then why doesn't he make less noise and not disturb the whole country?"

And the old man, in an access of emotion, gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

THE MOST CURIOUS BANK IN THE WORLD.

PROBABLY the most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges, or National Bank of Norway. It seems to be wholly indifferent to doing business of any kind, and what it does do it insists upon doing in its own deliberate way.

Socially the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors.

Suppose the directors are to hold a meeting on Wednesday, and you want to borrow £1,000 on Monday. You apply to Norges Bank, and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Wednesday, and you may look for an answer to your application by Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the £1,000 on Monday, and not Thursday; you simply have to wait.

The origin of this institution was as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly-increasing commerce. The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian Government.

It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well-to-do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. Bookkeeping was made easy on a new principle, in accordance with which sums ending in other figures than five and zero were to be excluded from the books.

This national bank is also a national pawnshop. It is authorised by law to lend money on any non-perishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may, perhaps, account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway. In the regular loan department the curious rule is enforced that loans may not be made for less than one month, nor for more than six, and only for sums of at least £24.

NEXT WEEK

WILL BE PUBLISHED A LENGTHY FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A NEW
... South - African - Romance ...

BY
MR. GEORGE GRIFFITH
ENTITLED

Briton or Boer?

A TALE OF THE FIGHT FOR AFRICA.

MANY centuries of experience have shown how true was the old Latin writer's estimate of the once Dark Continent when he said: "From Africa ever something new." It has been called in modern times the Land of Surprises and the Grave of Reputations, a description which the events of the last few months have unhappily proved to be only too exact.

But those events to our mind proved more than that. They proved that Africa south of the Zambezi might very possibly be ere long the arena of a struggle which, if it ever comes to pass, will shake the whole fabric of the British Empire to its foundations. As a result of that conviction, we decided that the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* should, with all possible speed, be put in possession of the very newest of new African things, and so one evening soon after the news of the Jameson raid had startled the world, we presented Mr. George Griffith with a blank cheque, and a commission to go out to South Africa and find out exactly how matters stood in the present, and would be likely to develop in the future, with a view to embodying these future developments in a serial story for *P.W.*

Three days later he was afloat on his way to the Cape, and since then he has been travelling hither and thither about South Africa, through the Cape Colony and Natal, the Free State and the Transvaal, the Portuguese territory to the east, and Bechuanaland to the west of the Boer Republics, examining possible routes of invasion, photographing likely spots of attack or defence, interviewing President Krüger and the members of his executive in Pretoria, and hobnobbing with the Boers in the midst of the Veldt.

He has discussed the situation and its prospects with politicians and Press men, imperial officers and colonial troopers, with Boer policemen and British millionaires. He has smoked the pipe of mournful meditation beneath the shadow of Amajuba Hill, and he has drunk the inevitable cup of coffee on the verandah of President Krüger's house in Pretoria. He has reviewed the naval possibilities of Delagoa Bay under the trees of Lorenzo Marques, and he has mingled with the troopers at Mafeking during the days when they were expecting the town and the railway terminus to be "jumped" by the Boers, two thousand of whom, armed to the teeth, were laagered within fifteen miles of the place.

We are thus able to say that, whether his prophecy proves correct or not, he has gained the experiences and impressions upon which it is based on the spot and at first hand. He has written, as will be seen, without fear or favour, and also in exact accordance with the opinions which his experiences have obliged him to adopt, and having said this much for him, we will stand aside and leave him to introduce his story in his own words.

FROM AUTHOR TO READER.

In the romance of which the first chapters will be published in the next number of *Pearson's Weekly*, I have attempted to answer in the form of an essay in prophetic fiction the question which forms the title of the story: "Is the Briton or the Boer, the Englishman or the Dutch-Afrikaner, going to rule South Africa?"

My answer, however near to or far from the actual truth it may prove to be, has been thought out and formulated in the country which, as I, with many others of longer and wider experience in South African affairs than I possess, firmly believe will be the scene of the inevitable struggle for absolute and necessary supremacy, and amidst daily converse with the people who will be the chief actors in the drama.

It is, of course, only to be expected that in embarking upon such a task as this I shall be roundly accused, as in fact I have been already, and that in no very measured language, of seeking to stir up the racial animosity between the British and the Dutch in South Africa, and allying myself with those who are supposed to be seeking to plunge the two races into the horrors of civil war.

This is the dominant note of the reptile press of South Africa. Every attempt to look the bare facts in the face is denounced as the outcome of a deliberate desire to stir up racial hatreds.

I shall probably be called an unscrupulous liar, an instigator of strife, and, very likely, a hired employé of some of those capitalistic ogres who are seeking to devour the innocent and unsophisticated people who but a few years ago had the sum of seventeen and sixpence in their national treasury, and who, since the advent of the capitalists, have spent millions on arms and warlike stores with the light-heartedness born of the certain knowledge that millions more could easily be squeezed from the pockets of those who can do nothing, but sit still and be taxed.

To such criticisms I may as well here reply generally and in anticipation. With a very few honourable exceptions the South African press may be described as about the most corrupt in the world. Indeed it is impossible to know how much reliance may be placed on the editorial

statements or telegraphic news of a South African newspaper unless you first know to whom it belongs, and to what extent it is subsidised.

The worst are, without doubt, those which are subsidised by the Hollander Ring and the Pretorian Government. These are, perhaps, the most unreliable papers that are published on the face of the earth, and these are they which will most probably exhaust the very copious vocabulary of South African journalism in denouncing my motives in writing this story, and those of the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* in publishing it.

I wish, therefore, to say beforehand that my knowledge of these papers, their editors and their paymasters, will justify me in accepting anything they may say as unadulterated compliment. Of this, at least, I shall be sure—there will be no South African newspaper that will call me a liar which has not, with unwonted approach to the truth, called all its contemporaries liars, and has in turn, with equal justice, been called a liar by them.

And now a few words as to the situation out of which I have sought to evolve the plot and incidents of my story, and first a word or two as to that racial hatred which I shall probably be accused of seeking to stir up.

Despite the too often intentionally deceptive endeavours of those who are crying peace, there is really no peace, nor can there ever be, between the Briton and the Boer until the question as to which of them shall be master in South Africa has been finally decided. The present impossible and intolerable situation is the direct and logical outcome of the tragedy of errors which began with the shameful surrender at Amajuba Hill, and ended—as all loyal subjects of Her Majesty must devoutly hope—with the Jameson raid and the revolution *pour rire* in Johannesburg.

During the period that has elapsed between these two events the Home Government has with persistent blindness sown the wind, and the time is now fast approaching when it must prepare to reap the whirlwind. On the one hand we have two adjoining and internally independent states almost encompassed by a vast but most inadequately defended British dominion. One of these states, thanks mainly to British capital and British energy, is enormously wealthy; both are self-contained, armed to the teeth, difficult of access, and inhabited by a people brave, hardy, stubborn, and eminently skilled in their own style of warfare.

On the other hand we have a so-called Paramount Power which has made itself the laughing stock of a mostly hostile world by apologising to the insolent and triumphant Boers for sending a few hundred British troops into British territory. To such a situation there can hardly be but one outcome, and that is the one which I have attempted to depict hereafter.

The majority of the Boers to this day honestly believe that they have fought and beaten the British army, and they just as honestly believe that they could do it again, and I regret to say that what I have recently seen and learnt in South Africa compels me to admit that they have a better chance of doing it now than they ever had before.

The Transvaal and the Free State could to-day put between forty and fifty thousand well armed men into the field at forty-eight hours' notice and that too in a country which is covered with natural fortifications. If a few hundred ill-armed farmers could win the triumphs, for triumphs they undoubtedly were, of Ingogo, Langs Nek and Amajuba Hill, what could these thousands do, equipped as they are with the finest weapons that modern science has produced?

This is the main fact that has to be faced, but there is another even more sinister and pregnant with danger. We have enemies within as well as without in South Africa.

The Afrikaner Bond, which is ostensibly a political association for guarding the rights and interests of the Dutch farmers of Cape Colony and Natal, has taken a new departure since the political fall of Cecil Rhodes removed from it the restraining and controlling force of his commanding personality. Once covertly, it is now overtly hostile to everything that savours of imperialism, and but a little diplomacy is necessary to make it an element of the utmost danger to British supremacy in South Africa.

In my opinion, that diplomacy is already being exercised from Pretoria, through the genius of Doctor Cornelius Leyds, the State Secretary of the South African Republic, who will be found to figure somewhat largely in the narrative which follows. It is, I believe, due to him, mainly if not entirely, that the arming of the Transvaal and the Free State was immediately followed by the arming of the Boers of the Colony and Natal—a fact which may in some measure explain the conversion of the Transvaal surplus of a million and a half into a deficit of like amount.

This Doctor Leyds, curiously enough, is everything that a high official of the Boer Republic might be expected not to be. He is an Outlander and a stranger, a colonial Dutchman born in Batavia. Practically he divides the control of the Transvaal with President Krüger. There are, indeed, some in Pretoria who say that he controls the Transvaal and the President as well. Certainly with his great abilities and absolute unscrupulousness he is at present the most dangerous man in South Africa.

Perhaps no two men have ever been closely associated in the government of a country who presented such an utter contrast to each other as do Oom Paul and his Batavian State Secretary. The one is old in years, coarse in appearance, rude in habits, fixed in opinions, superstitious as a savage, ignorant as a child, and yet wily and cunning far beyond the average even of diplomatists, deeply religious in his convictions, and yet deliberately dishonest in all his political dealings.

The other is young, handsome of person, refined in manner, broad of view and agile of intellect, a highly cultivated man standing on the high-water mark of nineteenth century civilisation.

There is, however, one point at which these two most dissimilar men touch and come into contact, and that is their common hatred of Britain and all things British.

With Paul Krüger this hatred is a legacy from the past, and to him it is synonymous with devotion to his country, and essential to the independence of his people. To Cornelius Leyds it is the natural result of his own ambitions. The British power stands between him and their realisation. What those ambitions are, and how and with what success he may possibly make use of the means at his command to attain them it will be one of my objects to set forth in the following narrative.

It may not be amiss here to state that while the fifth chapter of this story was being written the news came to England of the sudden spread of the revolt in Rhodesia and the dispatch north of every available imperial and colonial soldier that could be spared from the already over-weakened garrisons of the south. At the present moment the Boers could do, without the slightest difficulty, exactly what they are represented as doing in the ensuing columns.

I can only add that nothing could be farther from my wish than that I should prove a true prophet in this regard. For, after all, I write rather as one who would warn than as one who would prophecy. It is not yet too late for firmness and courage to repair the harm that vacillation and cowardice have done. Let the Empire show by her acts that she is in earnest when her responsible ministers say that at all costs her supremacy in South Africa will be maintained, and what at present bids fair to be the bloodiest page in the history of the British Colonies will for ever remain unwritten.

MISTRESS: "I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?"

Pretty Servant: "Please, mum, I think he suspects me of neglectin' me work or somethin'."

WIFE (wearily): "Ah, me, the days of chivalry are past!"

Husband: "What's the matter now?"

Wife: "Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get angry simply because poor dear mother sat down on your hat."

A LITTLE boy who was very fond of singing, was asked by his mother what he would like as a present, and he replied:

"A singing-book."

"But you can't read," said the mother.

With a look of contempt, as if he pitied her ignorance he answered: "Read! It's not to be read, it's to sing!"

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (travelling incog. on his own line). "They say there has been some fault found with the lamps in these trains, owing to the dim light they give. Do you see anything wrong with them?"

Passenger: "No, sir. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of lamp I like to see used in the carriage."

Railway Official (highly pleased): "I presume you are a professional man?"

Passenger: "Yes, sir. I am an oculist."

YOUR HOLIDAY.

A Trip to Paris.—Three Days in the Gay City
for £2 12s. 6d.

THE great success of our trips to Brussels, of which particulars appear below, have led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for an alternative tour to Paris. Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

The tourists will travel third class by rail; those who prefer second class will be charged an additional ten shillings, while for the further sum of five shillings first-class hotel accommodation can be obtained. These prices include conveyance between the railway and hotel on arrival and at departure from Paris.

The accommodation provided will be found to leave nothing that could be desired. All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

FOR A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE
£2 → ... OF WATERLOO AND BACK ...

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of *P.W.* This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo.

Passengers will travel third class by train and second by steamer. Breakfast will be provided at Antwerp on arrival, and two days and a half full accommodation at headquarters.

Those who wish to stay at any particular hotel on Messrs. Cook's first-class list can do so at an additional cost of 10s. All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing £3 in postal orders.

Don't fail to read the introduction to Mr. George Griffith's great story, "Briton or Boer?" on page 45.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULAR FOR LADIES.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Scratches on Furniture may be removed by rubbing with a woolen rag dipped in boiled linseed oil. The article must then be varnished with shellac dissolved in alcohol. (Reply to ELLEN.)

In Jam Making one of the most common faults is to add too much sugar. The usual rule, pound to pound, is quite correct for acid fruits, but with the sweeter kinds a less proportion is preferable.

Carrying an Invalid can be easily managed by two people of average strength. They should join their hands crosswise, so as to form a firm seat. If the invalid is lifted on to this, and puts his arms round the necks of the two persons, he may be carried with perfect safety up and down stairs.

A Nice Way to Use Stale Bread is to fry it, simply dipping it in cold water before putting it in the greased frying-pan. This should be done nicely if the fat is very hot, and is liked by many as well as if dipped into beaten egg. Serve with sweet sauce as a pudding.

To Take Grease from Stone Steps, pour strong boiling soda water over the spot, lay on a little fuller's earth, made into a thin paste with boiling water; let this remain all night, and if the grease be not removed, repeat the process. Grease may sometimes be taken out by rubbing the spot with a hard stone, not hearthstone, using sand and very hot water, with soap and soda. (Reply to EXWITH.)

Devonshire Sauce. This recipe will, I hope, suit your purpose. Ingredients: One quart of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of soy, four tablespoonfuls of walnut ketchup, one ounce of cayenne pepper, six cloves of garlic, and six cloves of eschalot. First pound all the dry ingredients together, moistening them with a little of the sauces till all are mixed in. Add the vinegar, place in a large bottle, cork tightly, and keep for six weeks before using. (Reply to JANE COWEN.)

To Fill the Cracks in the Floor. Mix one tablespoonful of alum with a pound of flour, and work into a smooth paste with water. Pour on to this two quarts of boiling water, and stir all while it boils, then add a few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves. Shred up newspapers into small pieces, work them into a pulp with this paste. When the paste is finished it should be as thick as putty, and it ought to harden like papier maché. (Reply to OXTON.)

An Excellent Ginger Beer may be made as follows. If the ingredients are bought at stores in large quantities, a very cheap beverage will be obtained: Pour two gallons of boiling water on four ounces of cream of tartar, one ounce of sliced ginger, and one and a half pounds of loaf sugar. Cover this and let it stand for six hours. Add two tablespoonfuls of yeast, stand all night, then strain and bottle. This will be fit to drink after twenty-four hours. During the summer months I always have a supply of screw-topped bottles by me, and they are kept constantly filled with ginger-beer from the above recipe, which I am sure makes a very wholesome drink for hot days. (Reply to A. M. M.)

A Special Costume for Walking is not the means of all, and I can quite understand your wishes. You require, in some way or other, to make a slight difference between your dress out of doors and in. Do you not think the pretty zouave (No. 1806, post free 6d.) which I have sketched in the margin would be quite ideal for this purpose? It fits closely to the figure, so the trimness of your appearance would not be marred in the least. The zouave sleeves, too, are little more than epaulettes, so there is



not the slightest chance of the dress sleeves becoming crushed. This last point is well worthy of consideration, for how often could we have worn that nicely-starched blouse another couple of days had it but been fresher in appearance? Silk, velvet, or brocade might be equally well selected, braid or passementerie being used for a trimming. The back is seamless and the front is without breast-pleats, so that the making of the jacket is by no means difficult. (Reply to CORA, Newcombe.)

Soup Flavours. When adding these to stock, do not forget a bay-leaf, for it yields a delicious flavour, very similar to wine.

Drains during Hot Weather require double attention, so I advise my readers to constantly pour hot, strong potash water down the scullery sink afterwards flushing the drain well.

A Ham to be Kept for a long time should be wrapped in fine calico or linen, and well packed in finely crushed charcoal. The box containing this should be kept in a cool, dry place. (Reply to LASSIE.)

Varicose Veins. So many people are afflicted by these, and cannot afford an elastic stocking or do not like the pressure of one, that I am sure they will be glad to know that a damp cloth bound round the leg at night, and then covered with a thick, dry one, will greatly ease the pain and prove a good remedy.

Kidney Omelet. Either a sheep's or calf's kidneys can be used, and the cold remains of either which have been cooked in the usual fashion may be utilised. Cut the kidney into dice, and just warm in a saucepan with a little jelly, meat gravy, or melted butter and a seasoning of chopped parsley. Make an omelet of as many beaten eggs as you wish to use, and when it is cooked spread the pieces of kidney on it and fold it directly. If raw kidney is to be used, it must be cooked before the omelet is ready.

Cramp in the Legs. People who are subject to cramp in the legs should always be provided with a good strong piece of woollen cord, especially in their bedrooms. When the cramp comes on, take the cord, wind it round the leg, over the place that is cramped, take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull—one that will hurt a little—and the cramp will cease instantly. Persons subject to cramp when in bed have found great relief from wearing on each leg a garter of wide tape, which has several slices of cork (cut off a wine bottle cork) stitched on to it. (Reply to MR. DIXON.)

Bread Custard and Fruit is a good summer pudding. Butter a pie-dish, fill it nearly full with slices of bread, and place little pieces of butter over in layers. Boil sufficient milk to cover the bread, flavour with a bay-leaf, and sweeten to taste; beat two eggs, strain the hot milk into them, and pour over the bread in the pie-dish. Cover with greased paper, and cook slowly in the oven till the custard is set. When cold turn out of the dish, place a border of stewed cherries or plums round, and serve. Varieties of bread puddings are very acceptable in summer, when a substantial dish is required and those made with suet are not suitable.

Destroy Ants by pouring water, in which a little quicklime has been dissolved, into their haunts. Wash the woodwork near the haunts of this pest with turpentine and water. Strew pieces of camphor about, and dust insect powder or snuff wherever they appear. Another remedy is this: Heat together in an earthenware vessel till dissolved, half a pound of flowers of sulphur and four ounces of potash. Allow the mixture to cool. Then infuse with water and apply to the infested place. Not many ants will survive a dose of this solution. A good ant trap may be made as follows: Dip a large-holed sponge in water and wring it out, sprinkle with sugar, and place it where ants congregate. After several hours the sponge will be found to be full of ants. Then take it and plunge into boiling water. It is well when destroying insects to vary the destroying agent from day to day. (Reply to TROUBLED.)

Some Flavoured Vinegars for Kitchen Use may be prepared as follows: **Chilli Vinegar.**—Place one pint of vinegar in a bottle, add to it one ounce of bruised chillies and stand for a fortnight, then strain through muslin into a fresh bottle for use. **Horseradish Vinegar.**—Scrape three ounces of horseradish, place it in a bottle, pour over it one pint of vinegar, shake the bottle each day for three days, then let it stand a fortnight before straining and bottling for use. **Camp Vinegar.**—Take two ounces of garlic, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, one ounce of walnut ketchup, eight anchovies chopped fine, one scruple of cochineal, and a pint of vinegar. Place these ingredients into a well corked bottle, stand for two months, and strain for use. **Tarragon Vinegar.**—Take full-grown shoots of tarragon, the day before they are required, fill a half-gallon jar with as many as it will hold without pressing down, add three cloves and the rind of a lemon, and fill up the jar with best pickling vinegar. Cork the jar and stand it where it is exposed to the sun for two or three weeks. Strain off the vinegar, wringing the tarragon in a cloth, filter it through paper, and bottle it.

When New Linen is stiff rub well the part you wish to embroider with yellow soap to soften the fabric.

Mutton Pudding. If mutton be freed entirely from fat and mixed with two or three sliced kidneys, it makes an excellent pudding.

Curling Ostrich Feathers. A smooth piece of whalebone, or the blunt edge of an ivory paper-knife, are good things with which to curl ostrich feathers. Neither impoverishes the feather or curls it too tightly.

Cornucopia. Cut some squares of short crust, form into cornucopia shapes, then fill with uncooked rice, and bake. Shake out the rice, fill with some thick preserve, and at the top place a teaspoonful of whipped cream, or white of egg.

Soiled White Leather Gloves. White leather gloves may be cleaned most excellently by putting them on one at a time and going over them thoroughly with a shaving brush and lather. Then wipe over with a clean handkerchief or sponge, and dry them on the hands by the fire or in the sun. (Reply to T. H.)

Halifax Eggs. Have some cold hard-boiled eggs, take out the yolks, fill the eggs with any nicely-seasoned minced fowl or game, join the halves, and arrange on a dish. Work the yolks of eggs into a paste with a little milk and butter, add some breadcrumb, pour over the eggs, and bake till a golden colour. These eggs may be served in one dish or in scallop shells.

Transfer Paper such as you wish to make can be prepared at home as follows: Melt together two ounces of tallow, a quarter of a pint of linseed oil, and half an ounce of powdered blacklead. Add sufficient lamp black to make the mixture of the consistency of cream. Take a sheet of clean white paper, and rub it in the above mixture while hot, leave it to dry, and it will be ready for use.

This Remedy for Preventing Quinsey has been sent me by a kind correspondent who has warded off many attacks of the painful illness during the last ten years. Directly there is a sensation of something causing discomfort in the throat, take ten or twelve drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar. Repeat the dose at intervals of twelve hours until the painful symptoms disappear. (Thanks to LEWES.)

Tomatoes au Surprise. Select four or six good tomatoes, according to the size of the dish required; also six or eight sheep's kidneys, scalded and skinned, but uncooked. Stew the tomatoes very gently in a little good broth until half done, but do not let them break, take out, drain, and let them cool. Slice off the top of each tomato (as you would the top of a boiled egg, which you are about to eat), carefully remove a good part of the inside, leaving a hollow big enough to hold the kidney, cut into six or eight pieces. Take an anchovy, remove the backbone, cut the fish into small squares, have some finely minced parsley, a little grated lemon-peel, and some of the inside of the tomato, freed from pips, and minced finely, mix with the parsley and pepper. Put a lump of butter into each of the tomato cases, then a little of the chopped parsley, etc., then the pieces of kidney, with little bits of anchovy mixed in, some more of the mince and a little more butter; a drop or two of lemon-juice and a dash of Nepal pepper may be added during the filling of each case. Place the cap or slice which was cut off carefully on the top of each, lay them in a buttered baking dish, and bake in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour. When done, place on a very hot dish, having a good brown gravy ready to pour over and serve at once.

Isobel

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MEN'S SUITS 18s.
Better Qualities, 22s. 3s. 6,
33s. 37s. 45s. 52s. 63s.

BOYS' SUITS.
Pieces for mending sent with all Suits.
See our New Patterns before ordering.
It will pay you to do so. Hundreds to choose from. Fashion plates and measure forms free on application. All Goods Carriage Paid.

FACTORY CLOTHING CO.,
Manufacturing & Ladies' Tailors, 117s, Albion St., Leeds

LAZENBY'S HARVEY'S SAUCE

PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE
BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL
Signed *Elizabeth Lazenby*

LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

1896 PROCLAMATION.

GRAND PIONEER REDUCTION SALE.

By Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son, the well-known Carpet Manufacturers of the City of Leeds, will take effect on sight of this advertisement. Super-eminent—The Queen's Royal Household Prudential, Eclipse, and Alarm Carpets and Hearthrugs, &c. (Red.). Amazingly interesting, instructive, and detailed. Grand Reduction Catalogue post free, if, when writing, you mention this paper.

REMARKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we send out too large a Carpet for the money. We this or not, we send out no Carpet measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft.—even for 2s. 11d. **TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.**

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.

100,000 "ALARM" CARPETS.

SALE PRICE 2/11
EACH.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.
This Gigantic Offer is a Special Contract made with readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY only. We will Forward Direct from the Looms to Any Address, on Receipt of Amount, a Genuine Woven, Seamless, Reversible Carpet, THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE, suitable for sitting room or bedroom, bordered and woven in Art Colours, large enough to cover any ordinary sized room, at an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any Middle Profits. Remember these are Woven, not Printed, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost Double above Prices. A Rug sent with Carpet, 10d. extra.

SALE PRICE 2/11
EACH.

SPECIAL OFFER—TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS . . . 7s. 3d.
Value unequalled in the Annals of Advertising. As a favour, kindly examine and compare these Carpets.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Do not Miss this Opportunity. It May Not Occur Again. All Orders despatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**
Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Telephone No. 948.

IF YOU SEE IT IN *P.W.*, IT'S SO.

Char-lye!



**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

Are still
"Worth a Guinea a Box"
And make Life worth living.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s.1½d. & 2s.9d. each, with full directions.

**"NOT FOR AN AGE
BUT FOR ALL TIME."**

BEECHAM'S PILLS SUIT EVERY AGE.

We live much faster now-a-days than ever did our sires,
For all life's wheels are greased for us, and have pneumatic tyres;
And when we need a remedy we seek one up-to-date,
That does its duty promptly and relieves us "While we wait."

Thus BEECHAM'S PILLS will render to the youthful and the tender,
A blessing that one cannot over-rate—
Swiftly as a flash of lightning all the gloomy prospect brightening,
Bracing nerves, and muscles tightening—
"While you wait!"

In middle age, again, we need a charm to counteract
The strain and stress of modern life, so full of dangers packed;
When that scourge disordered liver, with its consequences dire,
Oft poisons all the joys of life and makes the strongest tire.

Now BEECHAM'S PILLS, like magic, will dispel such feelings tragic,
And speedily a welcome change create:
Making each dyspeptic sinner tackle fearlessly his dinner—
BEECHAM'S PILLS an easy winner—
"While we wait!"

When old age presses on us and our vital forces wain,
And all our organs, wearing out, perform their task with pain,
Once more, with sovereign virtue, comes a Box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.
Lifts half the burden of old age and lessens all its ills.

So to all, no matter what age, in the palace or the cottage,
They prove a boon that never comes too late:
To the healthy, health securing, and to those who are enduring,
Prompt and lasting ease inspiring—
"While they wait!"

BEECHAM'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU WHILE YOU WAIT